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LITERARY STEREOSCOPE

HENRY F. PRINGLE

A TENDENCY to decide regarding the immediate past has long been part of the American credo. All of us remember how we roared with laughter at the snapshots of Uncle Tom and Aunt Nellie, taken on their honeymoon in 1905 at Niagara Falls. How could any man wear so absurd a checked overcoat as Uncle Tom or hide behind such luxuriant mustaches or beam so protectively at his apparently blushing bride? And how could any girl squeeze herself into such tight corsets and wear such a dowdy dress?

The American credo had infinite reverence for history which dated back fifty or one hundred years and nothing but ridicule for the immediate past. The biographer or historian who breathed a word against the impeccable characters of Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln was a cad and a sensationalist. If, by ill luck, he was a teacher he was more than likely to lose his job. So Washington remained as spotless as in the oily canvas of Parson Weems, and Jefferson, although a Democrat and thus open to suspicion, was rarely criticized either. These were the honored dead, the honored great. But all the figures of the past two or three decades were absurdly funny, whether publicists or writers or merely Uncle Tom and Aunt Nellie. So were their manners and their clothes and the houses in which they lived. We thanked our gods that we had not lived when they did. We were smug and self-satisfied that we had escaped life in their absurd era.

Within the last few years a shift in attitude may be discerned. The change is not yet complete. We are still amused. David L. Cohn, in his vastly entertaining and probably important history of Sears, Roebuck & Co. and its mail order catalogues,* is still half convinced that only yesterday is pretty ludicrous. Why else would he have called his book, at least partly in sarcasm, "The Good Old Days?" There is also a touch of the old derision in certain of his chapter headings. But "The Good Old Days" is, all in all, an honest and objective account of an extraordinary era of extraordinary changes in American life, the era between 1905 and 1935. Mr. Cohn may give way to a snicker now and then, but he is a good historian.

Painting from life by Jo Davidson

David L. Cohn may give way to a snicker now and then, but he is a good historian.

Good historians of the immediate past are a new development. Mark Sullivan was probably the first. It is greatly to be deplored that Mr. Sullivan did not sit down at the start and carefully plan the long volumes which began with "The Turn of the Century" and ended, years later, with "The Twenties." They are rambling and badly organized and yet filled with gold. Objective writing of current history began in the late twenties and such editors as Henry Mencken of *The American Mercury* and Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* encouraged the trend in their magazines. The books came later and there were many of them. Frederick L. Allen in his "Only Yesterday" and his recently published "Since Yesterday" added intelligent appraisal and analysis to the mere accumulation of facts. A salutary result of the magazine articles and the books has been less raucous merriment regarding Uncle Tom and Aunt Nellie and far more information regarding their era and their customs.

A suspicion dawns that we ourselves are in no position to toss stones. Such a suspicion arises from a careful reading of "The Good Old Days." Mr. Cohn includes a chapter on the books which were bought by the patrons of Sears, Roebuck and he has some fun over emphasis on the virginity and purity of the females of the era so grossly misnamed the "Gay Nineties." Daphne was a good girl with limbs, not legs. Hilary was one of God's noblemen with virility but no base thoughts. But let our laughter be gentle. For have we not our Will Hays and our censorship of motion pictures? And is there a film in which there is not a Daphne, although with legs and not limbs? And is not Clark Gable actually Hilary in a more modern form?

SO much of history is to be found in commonplace things. Mr. Cohn was on the Sears, Roebuck staff for several years. He knew the mail-order business. He had access to all of the catalogues of the company and he has made the most of this treasure house of American manners and customs. "By your eyebrow pencils, your encyclopedias and your alarm clocks shall ye be known," writes Sinclair Lewis in a friendly foreword to "The Good Old Days." Mr. Cohn offers vastly more evidence. He tells us how to know Uncle Tom and Aunt Nellie by the books they read, by the furniture they bought, by the hair goods which disguised their fading beauty, by their undergarments, their medicines, and their tombstones. Mr. Cohn has legitimate fun in his chapter, "The Bird on Nellie's Hat," over the contraptions perched on top of the pompadours of the day. Let him suppress his merriment, however, and gaze at the strange little saucers of daisies now worn. But I begin to sound like a gaffer of 1905, myself.

Twice each year, the author writes, "heavy trains roll out of Chicago laden

*THE GOOD OLD DAYS. By David L. Cohn. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 597 pp., with index. $3.75.

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with 7,000,000 catalogues weighing a trifle under three pounds each, making a total weight of 21,000,000 pounds." There are different editions for different sections of the nation. Ice skates and ski suits are not offered to Southern patrons and farm machinery differs according to crop requirements. Sears, Roebuck began in 1886 and, with Montgomery, Ward & Co., its main competitor, has had a profound influence on American life. Mr. Cohn limited himself to the years between 1905 and 1935. In each of those years, however, at least one catalogue was published with 1,000 or 1,500 pages of data on the needs and desires of the American people. The mail order houses were run by merchants who gave their customers what they wanted. They gave the ladies aigrettes, torn out of living birds with hideous cruelty, until the Audubon Society and the Federal Government intervened. They gave the gentlemen revolvers and pistols. They supplied, in due course, contraceptives.

THE mail order catalogue was "The Nation's Wishbook" and its arrival on Main Street or the farm in a day before radio and motion pictures, was a momentous event. Its potency was still great during the World War. The late Julius Rosenwald, head of Sears, Roebuck, accompanied War Secretary Newton D. Baker on a visit to the front. Mr. Rosenwald took four huge packing cases with him and these were distributed among the hospitals in France. The catalogues in them were eagerly read by the wounded men of the A. E. F. For in their pages were pictures of fishing tackle and guns and machinery of a land so far away and so dear. The mail order catalogue is still potent, but it has changed. Today it is streamlined. I have a copy of the 1940 Sears, Roebuck issue in front of me. On the cover is a picture of an extremely pretty girl. The first pages, once given over to buggies and harness, are now devoted to fashions.

The changes of thirty years have been infinite. Birth control is no longer a mystery, but is practiced everywhere. It is impossible, as Mr. Cohn points out, "to evaluate the social, economic, and political changes that will be wrought in America in the second half of the twentieth century as the result of the constantly falling birth rate." He cites, however, a few possibilities. The number of old people in comparison with young will greatly increase. And so "the demand will be for more armchairs and fewer layettes; more walking sticks and fewer tennis rackets . . . more woolen underwear and less silk underwear . . . " It is a dreary prospect, but one of the virtues of "The Good Old Days" is that its author does not shrink from unpleasant conclusions.

The decade from 1905 to 1915 was a gentler one. Cosmetics were relatively unknown, although today every high school girl uses rouge and lipstick, and Sears, Roebuck gets its due share of her business. It may be questioned that Mr. Cohn is wholly correct is his gloomy prediction of a boom in armchairs. For today's accent is on youth. Three principal tendencies, he writes, may be discerned in the dress and fashion sections of the catalogues in the passage of thirty years. Women dress to appear younger. There has been a trend toward simplicity. The clothes of the middle class are now almost identical with those of the well to do. Too, this is an age of frankness. The female form may still be divine, but it is ever present. Photographs of girls in girdles and brassieres appear in the best magazines. They appear in the catalogues of Sears, Roebuck.

Styles in undergarments have changed. Styles in merchandizing have also changed. The mail order house played an important part, Mr. Cohn tells us, in killing the old doctrine of *caveat emptor*. The customer who went to a store could inspect and squeeze and examine his purchase and if he was fooled it was his own fault. He could not, however, examine a mail order article until he had bought it. So the mail order house promised him his money back if he was not satisfied and its goods lived up to the promises of the catalogue. Most important among the changes in merchandizing was the advent of installment buying. In 1910 Sears, Roebuck was viewing with alarm the scheme for mortgaging the future for the joys of today. Even automobiles were sold for cash alone. Five years later all this had changed. Pianos were being offered on part time. Today "anything and everything"—as long as the order exceeds ten dollars — can be had "on easy payments."

"The Good Old Days" is an important contribution to the history of the imediate past. At times Mr. Cohn seems to wander somewhat far from the pages of the Sears, Roebuck catalogues and to offer too many observations, perhaps, on the political and economic problems of the era about which he writes. In the main, though, his excursions are illuminating. He has written a thoughtful, intelligent, and also an amusing book.

Henry F. Pringle, journalist and biographer, is author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning life of Theodore Roosevelt and "The Life and Times of William Howard Taft."

THIS WEEK

BOOKS REVIEWED

PAGE

THE GOOD OLD DAYS
By David L. Cohn
Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle 3

THE AMERICAN STAKES
By John Chamberlain
Reviewed by Lindsay Rogers 5

THE HAMLET
By William Faulkner
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét 7

LOOK BACK ON HAPPINESS
By Knut Hamsun
Reviewed by Gosta Larrson 18

STALIN'S KAMPF
Edited by M. R. Werner
Reviewed by Frederick L. Schuman 10

STALIN: CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS
By Eugene Lyons
Reviewed by Freda Utley 11

THE COURSE OF AMERICAN THOUGHT
By Ralph H. Gabriel
Reviewed by T. V. Smith 16

FEATURES

EDITORIAL 12

SATURDAY REVIEW PORTRAIT
Jules Romains, by Gilbert Highet 14

NEWS PICTURES
By Robert Disraeli 19

LITERARY I. Q. 7

THE CRIMINAL RECORD 32

A READER'S ALMANAC
By Virginia Kirkus 33

THE NEW BOOKS 31

DOUBLE CROSTICS No. 315 37

TRADE WINDS 38

COVER DESIGN BY LOUIS ANSBACHER

NEXT WEEK

CHAD HANNA
By Walter E. Edmonds
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

THIS UNBALANCED WORLD
By Elmer C. Bratt
Reviewed by David Cushman Coyle

I'M FROM MISSOURI
By Eugene R. Page

HAMLET'S POLITICS
By Jacques Barzun

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Hints to the "Liberal Intellectuals"

LINDSAY ROGERS

Woodcut courtesy "Common Sense."
John Chamberlain has travelled toward Damascus and has seen both darkness and light.

IN one of the most fascinating books I have ever read—"The Endless Adventure"—the late F. S. Oliver (best known in the United States for his brilliant essay on Alexander Hamilton) recounted the successes and failures of various statesmen who had attempted the task of governance in different countries and at different times. He found no exception to this rule: that "it is impossible to play a statesman's part—to build institutions, to wage wars, to guide, encourage, and firmly hold a Cabinet, in a word, *to govern*—unless the would-be leader understands the hard nature of facts and will endure the drudgery of grappling with them."

Too frequently our modern politicians have seemed to view their problems through a glass, darkly. That was spectacularly the case with Neville Chamberlain before and at Munich. Indeed he seemed to wish to darken the glass for he sought counsel not from the Foreign Office but from the Chief Industrial Adviser to His Majesty's Government and thus made possible the cruel gibe that Munich was a case of the blind leading the blind. But when issues are talked or written about and do not have to be acted upon, viewing them only from a distance and never close up is not catastrophic. On the contrary, for eloquence bogs down in its flights when it must pause to consider too many details. In "The American Stakes"* Mr. John Chamberlain does not get so close to his problems that he can count the hairs in their nostrils, as the saying goes. Perhaps one reason is that, based in part on book reviews and magazine articles, the volume is only moderately well knit. Pages—for example, those in the *New Republic's* anniversary number on Herbert Croly and his "Promise of American Life"—seemed to be lugged in.

Mr. Chamberlain was closer to grappling with facts when in his "Farewell to Reform" he doubted whether what is now described as the "program of the liberal intellectuals" held out much promise. He was then, to use his present description, a *"protem,* hand-me-down Marxian." Since that time, in a company that was neither insignificant nor undistinguished, he has travelled toward Damascus and has seen both darkness and light. Some roads that might possibly lead to freedom are now "blocked": for example, communism, anarchism, state socialism, and guild socialism. He wants to "pull our social philosophers back from the all-or-nothing brink upon which they have been teetering for years." He thinks this approach is "shoddy tinsel." He wants to "hymn the virtue of a mixed economy, an eternally pluralistic economy" which will achieve "a permanently working dynamic balance." I think I am for this even though I do not quite know what it means.

Before he reaches this conclusion, Mr. Chamberlain expounds his theory of the state. He borrows his phraseology from one Murray Godwin, and suggests that "the state was created as a racket, with the major 'take' from the land going to the warrior gangster who could hang on to the political means of getting wealth away from those who used the economic means of bringing the wealth into existence." In its present form the racket can be "strict" or "limited." Russia and Germany are "strict" rackets. The Western democracies are "limited" rackets. They face problems "involving the *sorting of the take.*" Thus, "in a country of many origins and groups, the state tends to lose its originally clear instrumental function and *mutates* into a fulcrum to be fought over by rival groups." What John Strachey called the "bridgeheads" of peace—civil liberties and the standard of living—cannot be defended save by "a coalition of groups or parties firmly grounded in limited-racket, or states-as-broker theory." From this point of view the particular group coalition that has won an election is not the important problem. "The real test is this: 'Has the way been left open for *my* group to fight for what it conceives to be its rights?' If the way is still open, then we have democracy."

With these premises well stated Mr. Chamberlain glances at "the sorting of the take" under the Roosevelt administrations. He thinks that they have "certainly established a social service base line which no non-fascist party will ever dare remove," but he is no undiscriminating apologist for the New Deal. He speaks of its "final fuzziness of aim" and its "confusion," but he does not realize that these are extremely serious matters. "Politics," he remarks, "is the art of one thing at a time." But politics is also the art of postponing a second thing which will cancel out the first thing. Moreover, it is the art of not doing too many things in too short a time and thus avoiding both apoplexy at the center and anemia at the circumference. Finally, politics is an art whose practitioners should not be excused for badly splotched canvases on the ground that their ideals were noble and their intentions high.

The trouble with "the liberal intellectuals"—they might just as well be called "intellectual liberals"—in whose camp Mr. Chamberlain now finds himself, is that they have sought to abbreviate their drudgery. They have been reluctant to grapple with the facts before they proposed action. To borrow President Roosevelt's figure of speech, a quarterback does try one play and if it does not succeed he tries another play. But a good quarterback makes his choices only after a careful calculation of the strengths of the opposing team, the capabilities of his own team mates, the score, etc., and—in professional football at least—what will please the spectators.

**THE AMERICAN STAKES. By John Chamberlain. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 320 pp., with index. $2.75.*

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Finally, he is careful not to run the ball toward the wrong goal line. One who passes judgment on "the New Deal" as Mr. Chamberlain does (I voted for it twice and may do so a third time) should carefully examine the implications of Mr. Roosevelt's metaphor as they relate to some of the plays.

Thus behind the National Industrial Recovery Act there may have been thought—even conflicting thoughts—but where was it expounded in intelligible terms? Who bothered when the execution of the statute disclosed such vagueness in Congressional definitions and standards that Mr. Justice Cardozo (no intolerant critic) could characterize the grant of power as "unconfined and vagrant," as constituting a "roving commission," and describe Code administration as "delegation running riot." One of the purposes of the Act was to raise industrial prices, but simultaneously, a statute sought to increase agricultural prices. Currency depreciation may have been inevitable and desirable, but what other government ever embarked upon such an experiment in such a light-hearted way? Jettisoning the advice of the recognized experts on the subject, President Roosevelt tried a gold-buying scheme proposed by the late Professor George F. Warren of Cornell University. Almost at once it was evident that the device would not work, but while it was being attempted an English economist could remark that "the determination of the monetary policy of the United States seems to be Mr. Warren's profession." "Has anyone read this bill?" President Roosevelt puckishly asked a group assembled in his Executive Office to see him affix his signature to a complicated measure dealing with the banking system. "I have, Mr. President," replied Senator Glass, "but I doubt whether anyone else has." Mr. Oliver remarks that "a politician, like a clergyman, is wise not to jest too freely about the mysteries of his vocation." There may be unwisdom in suggesting that there are no mysteries.

What thought was there behind the relief expenditure? Humanitarian impulses, yet, but on what principle true or false or even on what arbitrary formula was federal money allotted to the states? Perhaps haste was so necessary at the outset that improvisation was excusable, but when, later, was there any attempt to excogitate a policy? Sectional and political pressures determined where and how the "pump should be primed" and thus made it more certain than might otherwise have been the case that the pump would not work by itself. Mr. Chamberlain remarks that Mr. Roosevelt's idea may have been "more or less John Maynard Keynes's," but the latter must have been horrified by the way in which his idea was implemented. When they appeared before congressional committees even those who had participated in the conferences preceding the proposal of $4,800,000,000 for relief in 1935-36 were unable to explain how the global figure had been arrived at or how the money was to be spent.

It is unquestionable that some of the great public undertakings are notable and that generations will enjoy their fruits. But what can be said in defense of the erection in Montana of the largest dirt dams in the world (larger than Panama) in order to improve navigation on the Missouri River between Sioux City and St. Louis; or of harnessing and then unleashing the tides at Passamaquoddy; or of commencing and then abandoning a canal across Florida? Accompanying these experiments was a plethora of speeches from quarters both high and low. These verbal emanations—"woozy," "confused"—may not have been the parents of, but they certainly were godparents to, some of the resulting lunatic fringes: the share-the-wealthers, the Townsendites, and the ham-and-eggers.

"The Senate," by William Gropper.

NEVERTHELESS, Mr. Chamberlain is hopeful because "Western planners—see the files of *Plan Age*—have developed a technique . . . best described as the technique of limited or partial planning. This technique does not require dictatorial control of the means and materials of production, though it begins by research and ends in a consulting chamber, with all claims—the claims of management, the claims of labor, the claims of ownership—represented in the final compromise." But where has the technique been used? Where will it be used—in framing a policy for the railroads? Since the beginning of the depression they have been a major sore in the economic system which, if healed, might permit the system to walk again, even to run. In Herbert Croly's time, "planning" was not the abused word which it now is. But he was skeptical concerning the value of the research that would find its way into the consulting chamber. If there were an economics general staff, he thought, the truth it served to the government "would, like popular Christianity, be the kind of truth which government could invoke or ignore according to the dictates of its conscience." His prophecy came true.

Of course the sad fact is that of all governments that remain "popular" the United States is the most ill-adapted to planning. We are the country par excellence of pressure groups. Our governmental machine is so geared that a President is in a much less advantageous position than is, say, a British Prime Minister, and is almost completely without the aid of the instrument of party discipline. But to say this is not to say that before political action is proposed there should not be time out to ascertain what is the best and the worst that the experts have to say, and this in full knowledge of the fact that the task of the expert is the opposite of the task of the politician or administrator. The former can search for truth. For him, time is not of the essence. The politician cannot wait. He and the civil servant must frequently ignore truths that are plain to see. And the most that we can ask

(*Continued on page 25*)

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Flem Snopes and His Kin

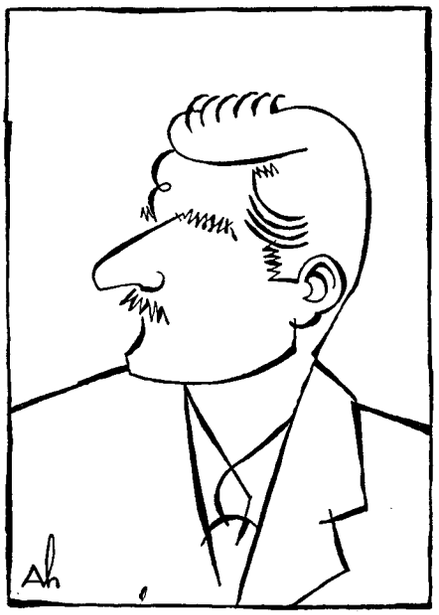
THE HAMLET. By William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 1940. 421 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IN the Snopes family, Mr. Faulkner has created what is probably the finest sub-human species in contemporary American literature. Compared to the Snopes, the Joads are the country-club set and Jeeter and his brood folks of high social consciousness, well adjusted to their environment. To create a set of characters with the acquisitiveness of the gypsy-moth and the morality of the swamp-moccasin, and to watch them writhing and squirming in their environment with blind ferocity of maggots, is in itself an achievement. It is an even greater achievement that the dark magic of Mr. Faulkner's style makes these creatures continuously interesting. Mr. Faulkner may be a great many things—he is seldom, if ever, dull. He can be clotted and confused, but his writing, at its best, has an hallucinative power which keeps one reading, like a man in the toils of nightmare, till the last page is turned. In "The Hamlet," his peculiar power is at its best. There are fewer of the long, winding sentences that strangle themselves to death in their own subordinate clauses—there is all of the earthy force that Mr. Faulkner can summon, like a spirit out of the ground, when he chooses to do so. Reading "The Hamlet" is like listening to the gossip of a country store, with its cruelty, its extravagance, its tall stories, and its deadly comment upon human nature—but a gossip translated, heightened, and made into art. It is, I suppose, an unpleasant book; it will be a repellent book to many readers. It is also, not always but frequently, superbly written. Nor is "unpleasant," the first adjective this particular reviewer would think of. Mr. Faulkner is too good for that.

The story of "The Hamlet" is the story of the gradual sucking dry of Frenchman's Bend by Flem Snopes and his endless kin. In the rich, river-bottom country, Frenchman's Bend had been the original site of a vast pre-Civil War plantation. Used to a tradition of violence and to names like Armstid and Doshey, names "which could have come from nowhere since certainly no man would deliberately select one of them for his own," even to Frenchman's Bend the Snopes were a surprise and a portent. The big family in the country had been the Varners, corrupt enough but merry—lazyish overlords. They look important, but they had about the same resistance to the sucking acquisitiveness of Flem Snopes that the flesh of a squirrel has to the germs of tularemia. There was Flem and Mink and I. O., Ike the idiot, and the hideously untouched boy called Wallstreet Panic. They came out of nowhere, they settled on Frenchman's Bend and the Varneys like wasps on a burst pear, they got the store and the big house, the money and the women. They fought among themselves with the obscure brutality of bacilli—but, when they were through, it was time for Flem Snopes to move on to Jefferson, for he had eaten the heart out of Frenchman's Bend. I doubt if a more appalling portrait of the mean poor-white has ever been drawn. Yet it is drawn, particularly in the last section and the fantastic incident of the Texas ponies, with horrible veracity but also with the raw humor of the frontier. It may be observed that there is one man of relative good-will in the book, the sewing-machine-salesman, Ratliff. He doesn't, it is true, get anywhere in particular, but his disillusioned comment represents the defeated virtues of civilization—at least by comparison with the Snopes.

It would be easy to point out that Flem Snopes and his breed might well stand for the new barbarism we are all afraid of—as easy as it is inadequate. I don't think that was Mr. Faulkner's point. He has drawn Flem Snopes and his bindweed family and done it in a way that you will remember. The book contains one first-class murder, an extraordinary tour-de-force in the portrait of the idiot, Ike, a mad treasure-hunt, a heroine, Ella Varner, so mammalian that she is practically a gland, a highly interesting sketch of a young man on the make, and other oddments and excitements. And all this material, the violence and the laziness, the nightmare and the tropic warmth of the deep South, is brought together and orchestrated by a masterly hand. Peasant humor and peasant horror—both are there. And, first, last, and always, Mr. Faulkner is a writer.



Mr. Faulkner produces the sub-human Snopes.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

Despite Mark Twain's statistics on the subject of dying peaceably in bed, fiction characters are inclined to expire in a somewhat more spectacular manner. From the brief descriptions of their passing, can you identify the ten characters listed below? Score 5 points if you can name the character, and another 5 if you can remember the book in which he or she appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. Her husband smothered her with a pillow.
2. In his hurry to get away from the scene of a robbery he had just committed, he slipped into an abandoned quarry and was drowned.
3. A cigarette soaked in plague germs killed her.
4. He was electrocuted for accidentally drowning the girl he had planned to murder.
5. Because he was bribed with the gift of a watch to betray a fugitive, this boy was shot by his father.
6. Police found her mutilated body stuffed up a chimney.
7. She committed suicide by stepping in front of a train.
8. He drowned while trying to save from a wrecked ship the man who had betrayed his fiancee.
9. Hoping that the sound would warn her lover of his imminent capture, she shot herself.
10. He was mortally wounded when his axe was deflected as he was chopping down a tree.

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Hitler Wouldn't Have a Chance

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN WARTIME. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ALTHOUGH I have had the pleasure of knowing Elizabeth Delafield for a good many years, I have never asked her precisely how she is related to the Provincial Lady. Their experiences have always been oddly identical . . . they even grow old and keep young together, and the Provincial Lady's children bear in number and age a curious resemblance to Elizabeth's: but no one who knows that author can possibly believe that she and her admirably produced Lady are the same. If they were is it conceivable that Elizabeth Delafield (it is true that she can, in applying for work, use her married name of Dashwood . . . but even so!) would ever have been allowed near any kind of community war-work? The Provincial Lady is different, rather silent (except after two glasses of sherry), easily intimidated, slow to retort, meek, even a little mouselike, nervous about her clothes, her appearance, her competence. Miss Delafield—well she proved what she could do in the way of sardonic criticism of silly women, self-important in war-work, in her novel about voluntary workers in the war of 1914-1918; and here, with less acerbity, more in amusement than in anger, she skins them again.

There is a female commandant of a canteen in the Adelphi who, now that this book is published, can really do nothing except live permanently gas-masked in a friendly air-raid shelter, while the elderly charmer of sixty-five, Pussy Winter-Gammon or Granny Bo-Peep, will regret that she was the life and soul of the party quite so vociferously, will be sorry that she was quite so boastful of her intimacy with the great.

From this it may be guessed that black-outs, air-raid alarms, income-tax, government inefficiency, Jacks and Jills in office, have failed to curb the spirit of the Provincial Lady. If Hitler comes to England, he had better avoid Devonshire, where, in the Provincial Lady's village, the general opinion is that "we've got to show him"; and he will get no further into Londoner's hearts when the cleaner of the Adelphi canteen sums up the Cockney opinion in the judgment "the trouble with Hitler is that he's such a *fidget.*" Certainly the provinces and London, all England's conduct of the war so far as the Provincial Lady sees it, would give Hitler worse fidgets than ever. She is not at all afraid to expose firmly the muddle many things are in, or were. She first heard that when Hugh Walpole offered his services as an author, he was asked to fill in a form, to state "his qualifications, where educated, to which periodicals he had contributed, also names of any books he may ever have had published"; it is said that this form was sent to Sir Hugh by an official of the Ministry of Information who had, before September 1929, earned a modest pittance as a literary agent in London. The Provincial Lady had luck with her "dumplings," as children sent from the great towns to the country have been called; so when Aunt Blanche invited herself to stay, the Lady left her to look after Robert and the house, and came to seek work in London. "Ah! . . . well you can Stand By"—was the standard answer; so she stood, with Serena Browne and other friends and acquaintances, and, amid under unceasing blare of radio, phonographs, and female chat, fed soldiers and constables and nurses in the great caverns under the Savoy. And here, in a running account from September to November, the Provincial Lady tells us of the queer people she met, the odd things she saw, the toilsome visits to pompous officials in labyrinthine buildings, and her success, at last, in getting work, in being told on the 21st of November that "her services as a writer are required."

Well, in this book she has already done a very good bit of war-work: for it displays the good-temper, the determination, and the humor of a people whom even their own officials can't rattle: so what chance has Hitler?

From "The Provincial Lady in Wartime."

"The Provincial Lady tells of the queer people she met."

Young Barbarians

WINTER TERM. By John Harriman. New York: Howell, Soskin & Co. 1940. 373 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is an American boarding-school novel, from the point of view of an intelligent young Master, and also from the point of view of the Third Formers in dormitory and common room. The author went to St. Marks. It might be St. Marks; St. Pauls, Concord; St. George's; Groton, any of the swank and snobbish prep schools. No matter what kind of school they go to, boys are apt to develop the same propensities. They can be about as loathsome at a certain age in any environment. But the kind of loathsomeness differs. Always the bullying and persecution of the weak has its place. A boy as dictator would giggle at the rights of small nations. In Mr. Harriman's story there are two principal butts. One of them, a physical weakling, is persecuted by the most gross insults being leveled at his mother. The other is thought to be a Jew, and almost starts an anti-Semitic riot. The boys genially endeavor to crucify him.

That sounds quite horrible. It is not so horrible as it sounds, because of the witless and random manner in which boys go about these things. They have very little realization of what they are actually doing. Some thing just occurs to them. The problem of the Masters is to prevent these things, while they know very little about what is really going on. The prejudices of the parents, in this case moneyed parents of a not very high grade of intelligence, condition the conduct of the boys.

Every man can recall the kind of thing that went on at school. Mr. Harriman does not exaggerate the picture. He has a remarkable grasp of boy nature, how boys think and how they feel. He knows the various types. He is a realist who writes of what he knows, and endeavors not to load the dice. He has written one of the best stories of American schoolboy life, with an entirely adult approach, that I, for one, have ever read. Never has the misery of a persecuted boy been better described, and the humors of the tale—such as Sturgis's flier into literature—are memorable. The terrifying thing about the book does not lie, after all, with the young barbarians. It is what such a school makes of the Masters, who should really be doing something with the minds and temperaments of the foolish young, that is quietly appalling. Because it seems so entirely natural that they do less than nothing at all.

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Cradle or Deathbed of Civilization?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO EUROPE. By Geoffrey T. Garratt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1940. 351 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

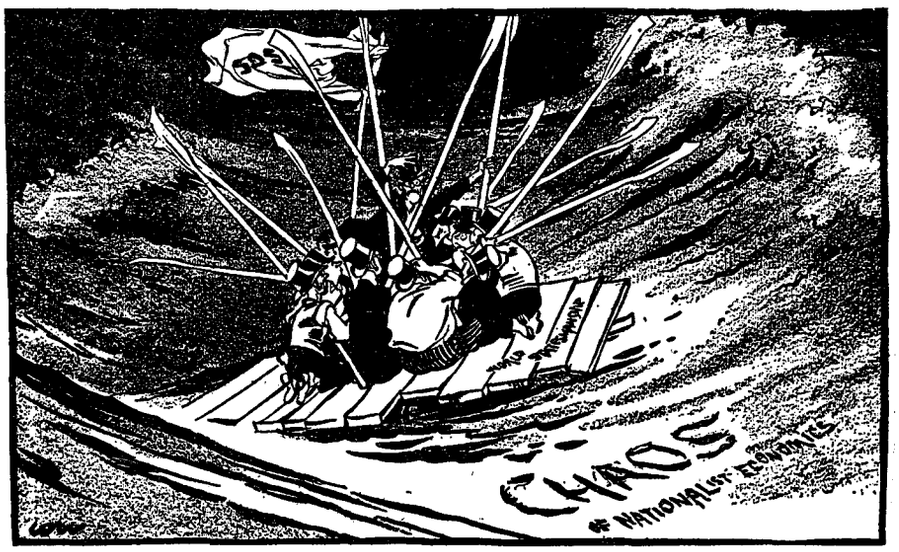
A POLITICAL book very seldom provides surprises because in the nature of things it must lag behind the events of the day. But this book primarily intended for the American public by an English publicist and diplomat, G. T. Garratt, explodes a bomb in the very first chapter.

> Englishmen, brought up in the old Liberal tradition . . . do not expect, probably do not even desire that America should take an active part in the war, but they look to the United States and Canada to carry on the traditions of personal freedom and human dignity which they know to be endangered in Europe.

This has quite a different ring from Lord Halifax's recent radio speech to American listeners, or the remarks of overseas lecturers who have come here to propagandize for the Allied cause.

Before the author states the surprising conclusions of his two final chapters he discusses the reasons for Europe becoming "the Sick Man of the Civilized World." "What Has Happened to Europe" is a handbook of modern European history from the Napoleonic era to the present day. Through it Garratt undertakes to explain why the democratic machine has ceased to function "properly" in Germany, France, and England. He has worthwhile things to say concerning the decline of freedom in Europe. They alone would make it imperative to read this book which has the quality of an exciting novel though it presupposes a basic knowledge of the European situation.

Garratt lived for many years in India, Germany, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and Finland. He was a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and twice stood for Parliament on the Liberal ticket. Although he says: "The views which I have endeavored to express are certainly not widely accepted in England and would probably be considered perverse by most Frenchmen," nevertheless, or perhaps for this very reason his book is all the more interesting to American readers. It is seldom that one hears a European frankly say "No part of Europe, no group of individuals can be wholly free from responsibility for the cruel and bestial actions which have disgraced the last few years."



From "Europe Since Versailles," by David Low, published by Penguin Books.
Conference to decide whether everyone shall pull together.

Garratt attacks not only the dictators but also "pluto-democratic" statesmen like Chamberlain, of whom he says that he is "neither a very literate nor an intelligent person." In discussing the Ethiopian war—he was at this time a close adviser of the Ethiopian Minister in London — he says concerning Eden, "There has been a tendency to treat Eden as if he were an innocent young man who did not share the Foreign Office views. This is absurd." Under these circumstances it is no wonder that Garratt looks to America for the healing of the world. But "this is a European dog fight. Unless the United States is prepared to take an active and continuous part in European affairs and back that part by physical force, then it is probably better that it should remain strong, neutral, aloof, and retain those highly civilized standards which are apt to be lost in a war."

On the other hand he is convinced that "it would be a colossal tragedy if America were to turn her back on Europe murmuring 'A plague o' both your houses.'" And finally, "what we most need from America is a healthy interest in our affairs." He cites three fundamental principles on which the Allies differ from the dictatorships: "Rule of law, freedom of thought and discussion, the right to existence of individuals and small nations."

The only regret one may feel upon laying down the book is that it is so short. Here for once we want to be told more, especially on the subject of the development and decline of democracy in the three great European countries. The witty and unusually frank pen of this experienced and warmhearted Liberal might have painted them for us in even clearer colors. Moreover, many would find it easier to follow Garratt's detailed account with the aid of a chronological table. But even so this is one of the most rewarding and important political books which has come to us from England in some time.

Swift Salmagundi of American Life

I'VE MET THE FOLKS YOU READ ABOUT. By Labert St. Clair. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 308 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS L. STOKES

BERT ST. CLAIR is a genial and hearty gentleman who loves life and people and his Maryland farm, a place steeped in historical associations, to which President Grant used to retire as a refuge from the cares of the White House.

In the square old red brick house the author of "I've Met the Folks You Read About" keeps an outdated printing press with which he tinkers fondly. His life has been spent close to printing presses. He became a newspaper reporter at a tender age back in his native Indiana, which has nurtured so many of the breed, and roamed far and wide covering some of the big news stories that now are part of the history and legend of our era.

His assignments took in the whole range of American life, its politics, its crime, its sports. As a young reporter he stood outside a Cleveland Hotel and saw ten-year-old Willie Whitla, central figure in a famous kidnaping case, alight from a street car and, waiting only to turn the boy over

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to a doorman to be taken to his father, he flashed the safe return to the world. He sat at the ringside of the Jeffries-Johnson fight in Reno. He followed Hiram Johnson back and forth across the country when the present Senator was battling for the Lord and Teddy Roosevelt as Vice-Presidential candidate on the 1912 Bull Moose ticket. In 1916 he rode with the crusading cavalcade of J. Frank Hanly, Prohibition Party candidate for President, and describes how Oliver D. Stewart, business manager of the train, took up collections from the back platform to finance the journey.

For a time he was assigned to the New York state capitol at Albany. He thinks Franklin D. Roosevelt got inspiration for his later New Deal from the reforms of present Senator Bob Wagner and Alfred E. Smith when the three young men were members of the state legislature.

From Albany he was transferred by the Associated Press to Washington in the exciting days of the World War. He was loaned to the Treasury by the A.P. for Liberty Loan promotion and gives an enlightening picture of that gigantic financial operation. Soon thereafter, in 1921, he made the easy and frequent switch from reporting to promotion and publicity as right hand man to Barron G. Collier with whom he was associated for sixteen years in many parts of the world.

His book is a salmagundi of America, swift flashbacks with amusing incidents that light up the men who have made events. It is a series of sketches, often unrelated, rather than a design. He does not analyze what has happened in our time. He seldom looks below the surface critically.

His advice to the editor he had selected for a small paper he bought in Indiana is illuminating:

> "It's very simple," I said, "All you have to do is print all the nice things you can learn about as many different persons as possible, not try to reform the world and insist on getting a fair price for your advertising and job printing."

His book is filled with names of people of whom for the most part he mostly says nice things.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 314)

H. S. CANBY

THOREAU—A BIOGRAPHY

In a century of growing collectivism, where the balance between the rights of the individual and the needs of the state was to swing precariously toward the loss of personal freedom, his is the most manly, most common-sense voice.

Two Variations on

STALIN'S KAMPF: Josef Stalin's Credo. Written by Himself. Edited by M. R. Werner. New York: Howell, Soskin & Company. 1940. 358 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

EVERY reader of reviews of books about Stalin owes it to himself to evaluate the reviewer's evaluation of such books in terms of the reviewer's evaluation of Stalin. Evaluators of Stalin fall into the following categories: (1) Stalinists; (2) Stalinoids; (3) Trotskyites; (4) Lovestonites; (5) Sidney Hook; and (6) human beings. In fairness to readers the present reviewer is moved to say at the outset that he does not belong and has never belonged to any of the first four categories, Elizabeth Dilling and Benjamin Stolberg to the contrary notwithstanding. This reviewer confesses with shame that the thickness of his skull renders the contents thereof impervious to the great light enjoyed by those in categories Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive. He is only a human being.

Human beings in their right minds frequently discover that it is unhelpful for the tasks of understanding and adjustment to react to other human beings as if they were devils or angels. Examination of available evidence suggests that each specimen of *homo sapiens* is somewhat richly endowed with both original sin and divine grace, with the proportions between the shares varying considerably from specimen to specimen. The reviewer is addicted to the highly unpopular belief that Josef Vissarionovich Djugashvili (alias Stalin) is a human being. It is doubtful whether he is a Stalinist, though he lacks the candor of Marx who once admitted wearily that he was not a Marxist. His Trotskyism is too tolerant, diluted, and belated to entitle him to rank among the followers of St. Leon. No one has ever accused Stalin of being Sidney Hook. He is merely Stalin. And despite his own modest claims of superhuman omniscience and benevolence, Stalin, being human, has indulged in conduct which is a mixture of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, by any rational criteria of judgment. The present reviewer happens to regard racial equality, social amelioration, economic progress, collective security, fulfillment of pledges, and defense of justice in the community of nations as good. Conversely he regards persecution, perfidy, tyranny, and aggression as bad. At times he has believed that the first set of values was predominant (or offered promise of becoming predominant) in Stalin's public behavior. At other times he has felt that the second set of values was in the ascendancy. Until conclusive evidence is presented to prove that Stalin is God or Satan, this reviewer proposes to continue to evaluate him in the fashion here suggested.

Mr. Schuman "is addicted to the highly unpopular belief that Josef Vissarionovich Djugashvili (alias Stalin) is a human being."

M. R. Werner's valuable compilation of Stalin's writings and speeches confirms the reviewer in this decision. For here the tyrant in the Kremlin reveals in his public utterances (as do most other rulers) that his basic assumptions about the world and men are a compound of wisdom and nonsense. His ends, judged by liberal standards, are noble. His means are vile. And here, as everywhere, means become ends and the corruption which absolutism breeds is a stench in the nostrils. Consistency is lacking in Stalin's verbal justifications of his acts, save for the basic clichés. But inconsistency is conducive to survival. Stalin has obviously survived and is thus far the victor of Hitler's *Kampf*.

Like other men and other leaders, Stalin is many men. Here in his own words are Stalin the humble worker, Stalin the revolutionary idealist, Stalin the party pathfinder, the pupil of Lenin, the hero of the class struggle, the builder of socialism, the defender of the national minorities, the theoretical democrat, the shrewd analyst of world politics. Here also between the lines and within the lines are Stalin

(*Continued on page* 29)

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a Russian Theme

STALIN: CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. By Eugene Lyons. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1940. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDA UTLEY

IN the days when "liberals" the world over were praising "the great social experiment" in the U.S.S.R., and Communist fellow travellers had control of many of the key positions in the American literary world, Eugene Lyons was one of the very few writers who both knew, and dared to tell, the truth about Russia. His "Assignment in Utopia," remains the most honest, authentic, and graphic personal account of what was really happening in the Russia of the First and Second Five Year Plans. Its publication brought upon the author calumny and ostracism, for there is none so hated and reviled as he who destroys a myth, shatters the peace of mind of the well-intentioned, and shows up the falsity of the beliefs and contentions of "clever" people.

The Russo-German Pact and the war on Finland have caused many of the fellow travellers to recant and others to take refuge in silence. But they are not likely now to give Lyons credit for his honesty and perception; on the contrary they will only hate him the more for having been right when they were wrong, and in reviewing his latest book they will probably deplore his "exaggerations" and cast doubts upon the authenticity of his account. The sober reality of Stalin's Russia is so horrible that those who describe it truthfully are in any case bound to be accused of bias and distortion.

"Stalin: Czar of All the Russias" owes much to Souvarine's classic biography of Stalin, and this is frankly acknowledged in the Preface. It is none the less fresh and original and based largely upon the author's six years personal experience of Stalin's despotism. With psychological insight he shows the influences which have shaped Stalin: his unhappy boyhood as the son of a drunken cobbler and a meek and pious mother, and as a member of the conquered and despised Georgian race; his youth as a student in a Jesuit seminary at Tiflis, shabby, disheveled, penniless, and undistinguished by any intellectual brilliance, full of hate and envy for the mighty rather than compassion for the suffering; later his life as a Bolshevik who could never hope to compete intellectually with the brilliant crowd which surrounded Lenin, relegated to humdrum tasks or acts of brigandage to fill the Party coffers—activities which required organizational abilities and courage but no theoretical political knowledge. When in prison he consorted with the criminals rather than with the politicals who disliked or ignored him. All his life he has distrusted the educated, and hated the Party intellectuals from the depths of his savage Caucasian soul. The motive force of his life has been revenge: revenge upon the Russian overlords, revenge upon society, revenge upon the Party leaders who were armed with European culture and whose basic humanism he could neither understand nor tolerate; revenge upon all those who had considered him as the "uninspired hack of the revolution." He played an unimportant part in the Revolution of 1917 and had little share in its glory since he could neither write articles, nor inspire crowds by eloquence or clear reasoning, nor distinguish himself as a military leader.

Making a virtue of necessity Stalin withdrew into the background to which his lack of talents in any case condemned him. While others were engaged in tackling the manifold problems of the new state, Stalin was busy planting his creatures in the lower key party posts. He thus created the machinery for his future personal ascendancy while waiting for the day when Lenin should be dead and the whole revolutionary movement should have sagged down to his own level. Once in power he divested the Revolution of its humanism and moral grandeur, forced men to worship him as a god, and took his revenge upon the whole generation of Old Bolsheviks by first making them grovel and then shooting them.

Eugene Lyons "classes Stalin among the 'half-mad company' of Ghengis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, and the Ottoman Sultans."

The great value of this book lies in its emphasis upon the transformation of the Soviet Union from a society with some prospect of a development toward socialism, into a slave state ruled over, not by a workers' dictatorship, not even by a dictatorship of the Communist Party, but by one man, "a personal despotism which rests upon police, subservient bureaucrats, executioners and Praetorian guards." While the socialist names remain unchanged they have been redefined to conform with the anti-socialist facts. Economic equalitarianism has been dismissed even as a social ideal; the empty forms of workers' control of industry and government have of recent years been eliminated in the name of efficiency; crude nationalism has been substituted for the Marxist ideal of the unity of the workers of the world. Like other rulers of oppressed and discontented peoples, Stalin, with his vision of a Red Russian Empire, endeavors to give the masses a national ideal to die for, since in a literal sense unknown in the Western capitalist world, the Russian workers and peasants have nothing to lose but their chains.

The author uses the word Asiatic to describe Stalin's despotism, partly it would seem, in its Roman sense meaning the unclean rites, the mysticism, the blood sacrifices, the anti-rationalism, and abasement of the human spirit of the creeds of Asia Minor and Egypt, and partly to recall the brutality and senseless destructiveness of the nomad hordes which overran Russia and Eastern Europe in the thirteenth century. He classes Stalin among the "half-mad company" of Ghengis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, the Ottoman Sultans, and Peter the Great.

One may object to the word Asiatic as the correct adjective to apply to the fawning sycophancy and the human degradation for which Stalin is responsible, but those who, like the present reviewer, have felt in their nerves and witnessed with their senses the extinction of the last flickering sparks of human freedom and decency in that land of concentration camps, terror, and famine, must support Eugene Lyons's testimony as to Russia.

He sees the new Russian generation as "calloused in its soul," inheriting only the hardness and disdain of human life of the Bolshevik character, and knowing nothing of its original idealism. The distance between unprincipled denial of moral factors and

(*Continued on page* 24)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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S. R. L. AWARD TO "INFORMATION PLEASE"

THE radio program "Information Please" has been selected by the editors of *The Saturday Review* to receive an award for "Distinguished Service to American Literature." Presentation of the award, a hand-carved and inscribed plaque, will have been made by the time this issue reaches its readers. The plaque was presented at the Tuesday evening, April 2, broadcast of "Information Please" by Henry Seidel Canby, founder of *The Saturday Review* and at present a member of the Editorial Board.

Dr. Canby's remarks accompanying the presentation summarize the reasons of the Editorial Board in making the award:

> For sixteen years *The Saturday Review* has kept a weather eye upon American literature. It does not usually make awards nor is this tribute to be regarded as a precedent. But the editors have felt that the contribution of "Information Please" should not go unrecognized. The questions and answers which radiate from this room every week have sent thousands to useful reference volumes; they have brought to life good books long unopened; the wit and erudition in this hour have electrified the minds of thousands listening in. An intellectual curiosity aroused and active is the beginning of literature. I confer therefore upon Grand Inquisitor Fadiman and his conclave the ensignia of *The Saturday Review* award for the quickening of our intellectual life. Upon this plaque I hand you now, Mr. Fadiman, are inscribed the words, "For Distinguished Service to American Literature."

As Dr. Canby pointed out, this is the first time in the history of *The Saturday Review* that such an award has been made, and the editors do not know whether it is likely to be made again. But "Information Please" has performed and is performing such a unique and important service to literature that it deserves special recognition. It has precipitated an enthusiasm in and a curiosity about books and authors without parallel in the history of radio. Most importantly, perhaps, it has made information about good literature palatable to the millions, and in so doing, has helped destroy the myth—wherever it may still exist—that book publishing must depend upon a specialized market.

If it is not doing so already, the world of books should be rubbing its eyes with delight at the spectacle of increasing numbers of people whose literary appetites are being sharpened and enlarged through this educational yet vastly entertaining program. So wide is the appeal, so varied the audience, that the influence of the program may be seen and felt almost everywhere. Teachers in the public schools and even the colleges who have had a difficult time of it persuading their students to read Shakespeare or Milton or Emerson or Whitman are discovering that the literary giants have become overnight favorites.

When Tuesday evening arrives, it's "time to stump the experts" and millions of all ages and occupations join in the attempt. And even those who make no effort to match knowledge with Mr. Fadiman's versatile savants, but sit back and wait for the quips, may be said to derive some literary benefit; they are constantly exposed to lines from or titles of a wide range of books. Education, after all, is a matter of exposure; the rate of absorption and the saturation point depend upon the individual. But the important thing is that educational rays be made available for the willing, regardless of the intensity of willingness. And that is the significant function of "Information Please."

Perhaps one of the most surprising things about the program is that the only ones who did not recognize its popularity and merchandising value from the start were the alleged radio sales experts. Any program with even the slightest literary flavor had been meticulously shunned by prospective sponsors; the radio audience, apparently, was supposed to consist largely of minor or sub-minor intellects who were spiritually, organically, and economically incapable of enjoying a reasonably intelligent program. "Information Please" exploded that theory, with vibrations that were felt and are increasingly being felt throughout the entire radio industry. Almost as a direct result of its success—financial as well as artistic—the conception of the average listener is being revised. Slowly the impression is gaining weight that the radio audience is not to be talked down to and that other programs of the "Information Please" calibre and quality will be justified by the response.

This might suggest to the book industry, which has always raised its collective eyebrows whenever the subject of radio is mentioned, that the time is at hand to drop its hardened attitude. While it is true that in many of the tests made thus far results have not come up to expectations, it is also true that publishing, by its very nature, cannot expect the same direct returns as the cereal manufacturer who receives thousands of box-tops after each broadcast. The only true index of a program's worth is the interest it creates. And if there is still doubt that a program having literary merit can arouse interest, the skeptic is referred to the 1,610,000 letters received by "Information Please" in the twenty months since it began.

N. C.

April Weather

By Shirley Barker

LANDSCAPES dissolve in rain
Now winter splits apart;
Willows bud in the fen;
The weather in the heart
Stirs like the greening waves,
Quickens in kindled fire;
Now every girl believes
In every man's desire.

The leafless lilac hedge
Too bare to shelter love,
The sea-blown winds that rage
Inland cannot reprove
This shaft of mellowing light
Over inward landscapes thrown.
In this weather of the heart
No lover goes alone.

As this issue goes to press, announcement is made of the appointment of Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., to the position of curator of the rare book collection in the Library of Congress.

The choice is an excellent one. Mr. Houghton is president of Steuben Glass, Inc., and vice-president and director of the Corning Glass Works. His business acumen should be valuable in developing the rare book division; and what peculiarly fits him for the post is his own book collecting experience. He has the largest collection of Keats, Spenser, and Lewis Carroll in existence. Among his rare books are a Gutenberg Bible, a first folio of Shakespeare in its original binding, and the original letters of Lord Chesterfield to his godson.

Mr. Houghton, a young man of 33 years, began collecting rare books soon after his graduation from Harvard. His new position finds him in charge of about 90,000 volumes, about one-third of which consist of early American pamphlets and broadsides.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Hitler's Religion

SIR:—Just came across Joseph Ratner's reply to Miss Bishop in the March 2, *SRL,* with its "And Herr Hitler is still an unexcommunicated member of the Catholic Church."

Let's lay that oft-seen ghost once and for all. Though not generally known, the Code of Canon Law has Herr Hitler excommunicated on a dozen counts, all *ipso facto* excommunications, *e.g.,* by the mere fact that he is an apostate (Canon 2314), by promulgating laws contrary to the rights of the Church (Canon 2334), by usurping property belonging to the Church (Canon 2345), by impeding the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction (Canon 2334), etc.

Differences of opinion are what make the *SRL* our most stimulating literary review. But facts are facts. Let's keep them straight.

PAUL L. O'CONNOR.
St. Marys, Kansas

Jules Verne

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Jules Verne, the French author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Five Weeks in a Balloon," etc., which is to be published by Henry Holt and Co., and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has biographical material—letters, records, etc.—concerning him or his immediate family.

GEORGE H. WALTZ, JR.
242 East 19th Street,
New York, N. Y.

To Eschmann Owners

SIR:—I am compiling a bibliography of the fine bindings designed and executed by Mr. Jean Eschmann, artist and master craftsman of Cleveland, Ohio. May I ask anyone who owns one or more books bound by Mr. Eschmann to communicate with me?

HELEN HEFLING.
1891 Knowles Street,
East Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Cheruy Inquires

SIR:—I happened to read a review published in your issue of December 16 under the signature of F. J. M., Jr., of a biography of Augustus Rodin by Victor Frisch and Joseph T. Shipley. On the faith of that review I read the book; and I take the liberty of asking three questions.

How is it that at a midsummer party supposedly given in 1906 by Rodin to King Sisowat of Siam author Frisch saw among the guests present Curie, the Chemist, and Carrière, the painter, when the former died as the result of an accident on April 19 and the latter died on March 27 of that year?

How is it that the author supposedly present at the banquet of Velizy in 1903 asserts that there were no speeches when three important ones were delivered: namely, a splendid one by Bourdelle, and two others, all three of which were printed in the Paris review, *La Plume* of July 15, 1903?

Finally, how is it that Mr. Frisch, supposedly acquainted for twenty years with Rodin, and working in his studio, was never seen by me, or his name never heard by me during the years of my secretaryship from 1902 to 1908 inclusive?

RENE CHERUY
Former private secretary to
Auguste Rodin.
Windsor, Conn.

"My husband's interested in literature, too! He manufactures book-ends."

Stevens Bibliography

SIR:—As part of a full-length study of the work of Wallace Stevens, Simons, 425 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago, are compiling a complete bibliography of Mr. Stevens's poems. I would be grateful to any collector of the "little" magazines of the period 1914-31, or any student of the "new poetry movement," who should send me information concerning publication of the following 13 poems prior to their appearance in *Harmonium:* "Metaphors of Magnifico," "The Jack-Rabbit," "Anecdote of Men by the Thousand," "Anecdote of the Prince of Peacocks," "Depression before Spring," "The Virgin Carrying a Lantern," "Jasmine's Beautiful Thoughts underneath the Willow," "The Revolutionists Stop for Orangeade," "Lunar Paraphrase," "Anatomy of Monotony," "Sonatina to Hans Christian," "In the Clear Season of Grapes," "Two at Norfolk."

HI SIMONS.
425 Oakdale Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

An Emerson Sonnet

SIR:—The recent republication (in *The Florida Historical Quarterly*) of an early poem by Emerson brings to light another facet of that thought-jewelled New Englander. It hardly seems necessary to remind readers that in the latter end of 1826 the fledgling minister's health was so sadly impaired that he was forced to emulate his neighbors, the Cambridge birds, thronging the hidden lanes of autumn, and migrate south. It was at St. Augustine, Florida, that he had his best stay. As a farewell gesture he wrote the following sonnet:

There liest thou, little city of the deep,
And always hearest the unceasing sound
By day and night, in summer and in frost,
The roar of waters on thy coral shore.
But softening southward in thy gentle clime
Even the rude sea relents to clemency,
Feels the kind ray of that benignant sun
And pours warm billows up the beach of shells.

Farewell; and fair befall thee, gentle town!
The prayer of those who thank thee for their life,
The benison of those thy fragrant airs,
And simple hospitality hath blest,
Be to thee ever as the rich perfume
Of a good name, and pleasant memory!

MAX COSMAN.
Brooklyn, New York.

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A SATURDAY REVIEW PORTRAIT

JULES ROMAINS

Man of Good Will

GILBERT HIGHET

UNDERTAKING a work so deliberately vast as "Men of Good Will," recreating a whole generation of France's most troublous history, and ranging through every social class and psychological type, requires that a man be either a great disorderly hurricane—like Balzac, or an experienced, fearless, comparatively cold intellect like Goethe. Emphatically, Jules Romains belongs to the second type; and he looks it.

It would be difficult to tell what he was, if one met him without knowing. Certainly French. His precise clothes have the angular Parisian cut; his opaque dark hair is thick—indeed there was a time when he wore it in a strange Gallic bang on the forehead. He has a powerful Roman jut of a nose, the biggest feature in his big face; no one has a nose like that who is not a competent thinker. His eyes, too, are large, dark blue, very far open; they regard you civilly, dispassionately, but comprehensively; they might be the eyes of a first-class surgeon. He is not a big man. Short and monolithic, he has none of the electric and impermanent vitality of many Frenchmen, but a profound energy which is content to rest and be stored rather than dissipate itself on inessentials, which flows from a great reservoir of strength, always equable and always trustworthy.

When he talks, you know that he is an author. The balance and flow of his sentences could belong only to a trained writer, and they do not suffer from the lawyer's or the politician's affectations. And yet—what kind of author is he? Housman had a donnish, negative precision in his speech which showed that his principal occupation, what he called his "proper job," was criticism: Yeats talked moodily, surprisingly, with a kind of wilful authority which stamped him as the old bard and seer, the poetic senator. Arnold Bennett (to descend the scale a few degrees) talked with a kind of fluent joviality like the landlord of a Grand Hotel. Romains speaks with a firm, practised, impersonal grace and a determined reticence which make you think more of a scientist than of a novelist.

It is tempting to elaborate that comparison. Under his real name (Jules-Louis Farigoule) and his official academic titles, Romains has published an extraordinary monograph called "Extra-retinary Sight," which appears to be a distinguished piece of scientific research. Its thesis is that fish, even though blinded, are still able to evade obstacles. They seem to retain a low-powered field of quasi-visual perception which travels with them and extends all round them. Similarly, human beings, after a course of training to increase their sensibility, can, though totally blindfolded, distinguish lights, colors, shapes, and even large printed letters placed within a small distance from their bodies. Romains has proved this by experiments which seem quite as valid as the usual psycho-physical tests. The underlying idea is that for all its elaborate mechanism the eye is only a highly sensitivized part of the skin, and there is no ultimate reason why other spots should not become similarly, although of course not equally, sensitive. The skin may well be composed of microscopic *ocelli*, "eyelets."

Romains was working on this in 1918, and had conducted a number of fairly successful demonstrations of the training-process. It is a strangely moving idea, and if put into practice might have meant a great deal to the war-blinded soldiers. But the Institute in which it could have been realized was never founded; and now its only monument is Romains's essay, and a kindred monograph by one of his friends who was struck by the hypothesis. Viaur, the eager young doctor in "Men of Good Will," who endeavors to prove that unconscious physical processes (pulse, digestion, etc.) can be consciously controlled, is a reflection of Romains's own scientific explorations. I have already mentioned Goethe; and of course Goethe was as jealous of his scientific as of his poetic reputation, spent years on his optical researches, and is still not without honor among biologists for his brilliant theory of plant-morphology.

There is, then, some ground for describing Romains as part scientist, part author. But the idea can be pushed further. All his imaginative work, poetry, drama, and fiction, has sprung from one bold thought which perhaps resembles a sociological theory or a biological hypothesis more closely than a poetic revelation. It is, of course, Unanimism, the conception that a group of any size—a married couple, a street full of people, a regiment, a theatre audience—may through a unanimous emotion and purpose develop a life of its own with powers far transcending those of all the individuals who compose it, and may even impart some unexpected amount of these powers to one or several of its number.

Led by this, Romains has always been concerned to describe strange groups and their interaction with one another, and with the individuals who compose them. "The Boys in the Back Room" are an informal club of seven friends who declare a comic war on two half-dead provincial towns, and by three or four wildly daring practical jokes galvanize them into a new and palpitating collective life. "Psyche" is an elaborate study of two lovers who are raised by their marriage into a new existence of undreamt happiness and power. And the famous comedy "Dr. Knock," although it seems to be a brilliant study of a super-quack doctor, is, from another point of view, the description of the impact of a powerful personality on a half-dead population, transforming

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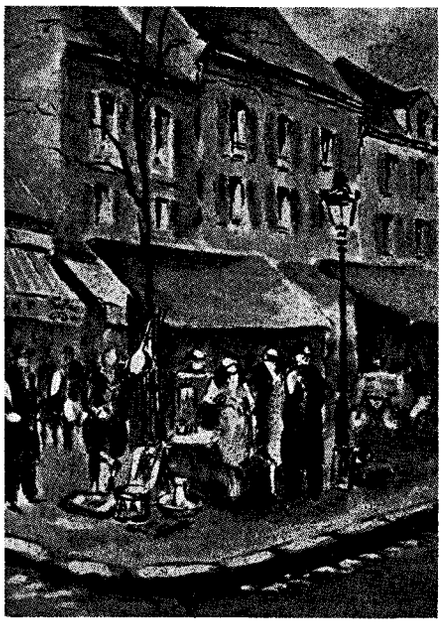
it (even through quackery) into a fully alive and sentient corporate personality. "Men of Good Will" has already contained some tremendous descriptions of the activity and thought of cities, armies, and nations, and is perhaps intended ultimately to portray the gradual creation of a new collective person, superior to all peoples and armies: the group named in its title. But of this it is too early to speak.

Still, these works and all Romains's other books stem so closely from the Unanimist conception that it is tempting to explain him merely as a scientific writer, engaged in elaborating a series of theorems on one abstract postulate. Zola, for whom he has a considerable respect, built a huge structure of novels on one quasi-scientific system of heredity; and there is not so much difference, it might seem, between tracing the criminal siblings of the Rougon-Macquart family and studying the various but limited types of group life which are possible in modern society. There is even a theoretic air about the strange little "Manual of Deification" in which Romains explained some of the harder aspects of unanimism, and drew conclusions of unexpected depth in a style of deliberate lucidity. And, finally, it is well known that Romains at college was a brilliant student, not of literature, but of the so-called exact sciences.

BUT any such interpretation of his work and of his character would be grossly unfair. It may be possible, for instance, to explain the rather pitiless inquisitiveness of Somerset Maugham and Georges Duhamel by the fact that they are both physicians; but to call Romains a sociologist bound to his hobby-horse is a much graver over-simplification. For one thing, it is false to the facts. He first realized the beauty and power of the group on the evening of revelation in 1903, when he was only a schoolboy: walking with his friend Chennevière along the busy Rue d'Amsterdam, he suddenly felt the whole street with its surging crowds, and, through the street, the whole city of which the street was one pulsing artery, to be living a huge supra-personal life in which he was sharing as the cell shares the life of the organism. More than that, he felt himself through this realization to be the focus, even the consciousness, of that group-life. That was the unanimist revelation, from which sprang the poetic impulse which produced his earliest poems. But then he knew *nothing* of sociology, nothing of Dürkheim and the other masters of crowd-psychology; by the time he entered college, three-quarters of "Life in Common" (La vie unanime) had been written and all of it had been conceived.

And he has never described this experience as unique. In fact, he has never described it at all. He spoke of it to one friend, and has been embarrassed to see it made so much of by biographers and critics. It was only the first of a long series of similar realizations, which have grown in depth and complexity as he has become increasingly sensitive to them. And neither the first nor the subsequent visions can properly be described as scientific in quality. They were not at all comparable with the mathematician's sudden grasp of a new theorem, but far rather with the mystic's imaginative perception of a new order of nature. They were like Wordsworth's repeated visions of the spirit which dwells in lake and precipice and river. Without the poet's eye, the mountain is only a ghastly heap of stone; but Wordsworth in his little boat felt it tower over him.

Finally, although it is true that there is a unanimist way of looking at the world, and that all Romains's books are attempts to make that vision full and real, with the rich complexity of life, the course of his development has not been that of a theorist working out a pet hypothesis, but that of an imaginative artist guided rather by emotion than by logic. A hundred thousand people have laughed at Dr. Knock without ever thinking of him as the individual who focuses in himself the latent power of the group; and although "Men of Good Will" evokes one or another collective personality oftener than is usual in modern novels, with their insistence on the rootless individual, there is no kind of compulsion in the alternation of such pictures with the adventures of the leading characters. The reader is reminded rather of Hugo, many of whose grandest effects (Waterloo, Notre Dame) were purely unanimist, than of the painstakingly systematic Zola.



Romains "suddenly felt the whole street . . . to be living a huge supra-personal life . . ."

SO then Romains's impersonal eyes and his cold objective speech are not the marks of a scientist manqué, but of a reticent, thoughtful poet. His old schoolmaster at the Lycée Condorcet says he was reserved, competent, and calm, even as the schoolboy Louis Farigoule. One of the most significant traits in his character-drawing bears this out. None of his characters is ever really baffled. They all believe that *any* problem can be solved if you sit down and think about it. Mionnet, the priest, cross-indexes even his penitents, and emerges from the most dangerous crisis in his career with the leisurely aplomb of a chess-player castling just before check is given. The energetic financier Haverkamp has so many projects that he can scarcely find time to carry them all out. Quinette, the murderer, even, plans his crimes with the skill and versatility of a civil engineer. The paralysis of the mind which we call "worry," the tortured immobility of the artist in front of a blank sheet or the student before a long assignment—that weakness none of Romains's characters feels, or even imagines. Romains himself is like that: a careful long-term planner, a well-stored fluent mind. I asked him if he read contemporary novels. He replied "Hardly ever. I generally read works of philosophy, politics, or history." And that careful, confident self-education, which has left its mark on all his work, goes back far into his past.

He is the son of a schoolmaster. He was actually born (1885) in Velay, like Jerphanion, and learned to love its stubborn peasants and its millennial rock walls on his holidays from school; but when he was a baby his father was transferred to Paris, so that he was brought up in the strangest of all urban regions, Montmartre, then half village and half artists'-colony. (To that upbringing we owe one of the finest chapters in "Men of Good Will," little Louis Bastide's evening run with his hoop through the quieter streets of hilly Montmartre.) His father had not many books; but they were all classics; the little boy was allowed to read Homer and Cervantes as a treat, while others were addling their brains with Cowboy Carlo. All French schoolboys study harder and more consciously than American

(*Continued on page* 28)

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A Philosophy of the Mean

THE COURSE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT: An Intellectual History since 1815. By Ralph Henry Gabriel. New York: Ronald Press. 1940. 452 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

TAKING this new book in hand, let us say to ourselves at the beginning, as the author does at the end, that "The democratic faith is . . . a philosophy of the mean." But what are the extremes to which it is a mean, and how themselves identified? Radicalism is the extreme which overplays the significance of ideas (ideals) in life, underplaying the role of habit. Conservatism is the extreme which relies unduly on habit and custom, underplaying the role of the ideational. The latter as social action creeps cautiously along the ground seeking crevices through which it may advance.

The former takes to the air and flaps gaily but with no home base to which it can return when wings grow tired. Democracy as mean between these extremes tries for advance through habits rationalized or ideals institutionalized. It thus avoids, or seeks to avoid, revolution as the technique of ideals too long balked by habits, or of rebellion as the technique of habits too long arid of ideals. It is the genius of democracy thus to institutionalize the principle of revolution as the very meaning of evolutionary progress.

In some such general framework as this Professor Gabriel, Larned Professor of American History at Yale, presents the course of democratic thought in America from 1815 to our time. The doctrines of "nationalism," of "fundamental law," of "the free individual," and "the philosophy of progress" advance now more or less evenly, now quite unevenly, until all are challenged in our time save nationalism and it is "magnified almost beyond recognition." "When the doctrine of the fundamental law," says Gabriel, "is carried to the extreme, the result is a fatalistic determinism denying individual liberty. Individual liberty, pushed to its logical end, becomes anarchy. Extreme nationalism produces the deadening regimentation of totalitarianism. The American democratic faith is a system of checks and balances in the realm of ideals." The outstanding paradox of democratic progression is that "the humanistic doctrine of the free individual protects in his laboratory the man, who, pushing his researches farther and farther into deterministic nature, reaches the conclusion that liberty is an illusion."

A reviewer who himself has specialized in equality as key to both the theory and the practice of our democracy might be expected to complain of another author who uses other keys to unlock the storehouse of our national genius. Not so. There are many keys and each fits well enough its own lock. The judicious critic will gladly face each literary effort for what it is, judging it for whatever residue of fact and fancy it leaves deposited. Professor Gabriel's effort is replete with facts and fecund of fancy. Whether the facts selected are the heaviest and fairest a mere politician would hardly be expected to know. But a devotee of the life of imagination, albeit a politician, may show particular appreciation for this book's stimulation of fancy.

There is here no mere specialized concern for any single department of our national life. Men of action, artists, actors, scholars, statesmen are brought deftly enough together to weave a pattern tendentiously impressionistic rather than causal. If this constitute weakness in a book that purports to be history, it is weakness not without the strength of conspicuous modesty. Who knows what causes what, in a womb so vast as that which gestates a nation's life? Epoch is here made to follow epoch in order chronological, but the reader is left mostly free to bear his own causal risk. Because of this freedom from causal dogmatism, however, the work is actually more episodical than appears at first. And the episodes are better than the sequences, because they are much more meaty.

Clara Schumann was more than an exceptional woman . . .

The reviewer may particularly commend certain literary episodes, particularly these woven around Whitman, Lincoln, Melville, and best of all, that of Mr. Justice Holmes.

From these characters and such as these there flow the juices of our democratic life. They were all men who had ideas, whose ideas arose out of native soil, and whose ideas intended to fertilize the soil that had produced them. This is the course of democracy: to proceed *from* action *to* action *through* ideals rather than through aggressions. Democracy is what can be arrived at democratically. If fate frustrate the largest fruition of that course, then we may accept the smaller fruition here credited to Melville, "that, though men cannot transform society into Utopia, individuals can, even in defeat, preserve their own personal integrity."

T. V. Smith is Congressman-at-Large from Illinois.

Music's Great Lady

CLARA SCHUMANN. By John N. Burk. New York: Random House. 1940. 478 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

THE life history of a remarkable artist and a remarkable woman is told in Mr. Burk's volume in a sympathetic and arresting narrative, well organized and happily free from the fulsome adulation that characterizes many a "romantic biography." It is a welcome addition to the none too numerous volumes on music that proverbially "should be on every music lover's bookshelf."

The reviewer might stop here and sign his name without misgivings, but the seriousness of the author's purpose merits a more critical attitude. We recognize that this biography embodies the problems that modern musical literature has to face as it emerges from the era of "music appreciation." As a biography "Clara Schumann" is a book intended for the music lover and not for the littérateur. It serves its purpose admirably except that in the great crises it requires more purely literary zest and skill than the author can summon. The mental state of Clara Schumann, torn between her art, her profound allegiance to the memory of her husband, her equally sincere love for Brahms, and the realization that the latter, many years her junior, will inevitably be attracted by younger women, challenges the powers of a true poet and dramatist. But Clara Schumann was

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BY THE AUTHOR OF *Four Frightened People*

E. Arnot Robertson

Summer's Lease

IN the seven years since "Four Frightened People" was published, Arnot Robertson has grown in wisdom but has lost none of her wit and gayety. "Summer's Lease" is just the novel her admirers have hoped for; richer, deeper, more profound than its predecessors but written in the same clean-cut prose and telling, with the same ruthless honesty, how Douglas Caise learned to determine his own values, face his own problems, fight his own battles, and find inspiration and fulfillment in his own love. $2.50

Come Spring

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

"Something new in American fiction . . . enormously convincing in its homely simplicity" — New York Times.

"One of the truest pictures of pioneer life that we have . . . A beautifully detailed picture of man against nature in a simple struggle for existence, a sort of American 'Growth of the Soil.'" — The New Republic. $2.75

The Spanish Adventures of Washington Irving

BY CLAUDE G. BOWERS

"The Spain of Irving's day smolders on every page of Bowers' book — throbbing with passion, instinct with aristocracy, filled with mellowness and hospitality — a land of beauty and cruelty and courtesy, backward, bandit-ridden and absolutely delightful." — New York Times. $3.00

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not only an exceptional woman, she was one of the greatest artists of her century and thus a discourse on music is imperative. Here again the author succeeds in giving a good account of the musical life of the nineteenth century, but goes little beyond the accepted lore of romanticism, although this he presents with taste and restraint.

There are, however, shortcomings which again prevent the book from attaining full value. There is a certain confusion regarding the nature and growth of the style called "romantic," and facts occasionally get jolted about. There is the perennial eulogy of the romantic composer: "Schumann, like Wagner and others could not submit to rules as rules, musical abstractions. Form was meaningless to them unless it was a living organism." Yet it was precisely Schumann's endeavor to fill out "sonata forms," abstract ones, indeed, that defeated his attempts (as those of Chopin) at the larger forms, his having been an essentially lyric genius. This lack of a modern conception of musical history is evident in many statements, for Wagner and Liszt are repeatedly accused of "trying to supplant the symphonic form" while the "true" romanticists would "instinctively turn to the symphony and carry on the mighty traditions of Beethoven." Wagner, and especially Liszt, saw clearly what the early romanticists did not realize, namely, that the symphony was too organically tied up with the musical ideal of the classic era to be continued successfully by the romanticists with their new musical idiom. It is to their great credit that they set out to find something more appropriate. Some of the "reactionaries" were not unmindful of the situation and no one knew the problem better than Brahms, who made a life study of the symphony before approaching it with trepidation, becoming the only true and great symphonist of the late romantic era.

Mr. Burk deals somewhat naively with the great centers of musical art. It is amusing to see Vienna called "the frivolous opera-going city," for it was the great operatic traditions that were responsible to a considerable measure for the unique wealth of music in the Austrian capital. Without *opera buffa* and *Singspiel* there would be no symphony. Finally, the creative activity of the heroine of the biography should have been discussed more in detail; her compositions may be ephemeral, but they were part and parcel of her life. There are a number of misspellings in the German citations, which could be easily remedied in the subsequent printings which we sincerely hope will be forthcoming.

Mr. Hamsun Still Looks to the Soil

LOOK BACK ON HAPPINESS. By Knut Hamsun. Translated by Paul Wiking. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1940. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GOSTA LARRSON

THE master who wrote the unforgettable "Victoria," "Pan," "Growth of the Soil," and other memorable works, has written a book more vitriolic than anything that has as yet come from his pen, and Hamsun has never spared his venom. Ostensibly this is a story about Ingeborg Torsen, a deadly woman whose personality has been corroded at the core by too much schooling and artificial city life. Completely unbalanced, her sex life perverted, she is a woman who brings disaster to the men with whom she comes in contact, but after much conflict she finds her bearings by marrying a sound and simple man and in forgetting herself in manual work and the love and care of her child. As always Hamsun draws his characters with swift strokes and makes them convincing and real.

Drawing by Zirinsky

At eighty, Knut Hamsun has achieved an enviable serenity.

The essential story of this book, however, is something quite different. The first fifty pages are truly magnificent in their Olympian detachment, and their author seems at eighty to have achieved an enviable serenity. Here is a mystical communion with nature that recalls the best of Thoreau, an ecstatic joy, an evocation of forces primeval. But all this is deceptive. For this is only the white heat of the "great irons of one who is half a century old," irons which soon cool. In the rest of the book we watch the disintegration of a "septuagenarian of literature," and it is not pleasant reading. Hamsun's voice grows shrill as he cries out against old age. —Age! In his opinion people are already old at thirty, and "once one is fifty, the seventies begin." His continuous harping on this subject is definitely pathological.

As he has done so often before Hamsun here again expresses his hatred for the frills, claptrap, and affectations of city life, his loathing of scheming cleverness and neurotic intellectualism. But these, too, are the exaggerations of a morbid mind, for Hamsun fears the city. It is an escape for him to slough off the trammels of conventional society and flee from men into the solitude of mountain and forest. But does a man find peace that way? If so, it is not evident in this book.

In this novel Hamsun shouts out a number of other dislikes; his intense disgust for English tourists sightseeing in Norway, his hatred of formal education and the modern spirit, his scornful disdain for the mob and for well-fed, ever-smiling conventional mediocrity. But valid is his claim that simplicity and hard work constitute the well-spring of our healthy powers of endurance.

This book was written to shock. And it does. It throws a black shadow across the reader's path. The book contains too much that is negative to make it great—in spite of the fine artistry with which it is written. Hamsun was greater in "Growth of the Soil" when he spoke in more positive terms.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 11

1. Desdemona, in "Othello," by Shakespeare.
2. Dunstan Cass, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
3. Leora Arrowsmith in "Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis.
4. Clyde Griffiths, in "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser.
5. Fortunato, in "Mateo Falcone," by Prosper Merimee.
6. Mlle. Camille L'Espanaye, in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," by Edgar Allan Poe.
7. "Anna Karenina," by Leo Tolstoi.
8. Ham Peggoty, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens.
9. Bess, the landlord's daughter, in "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
10. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

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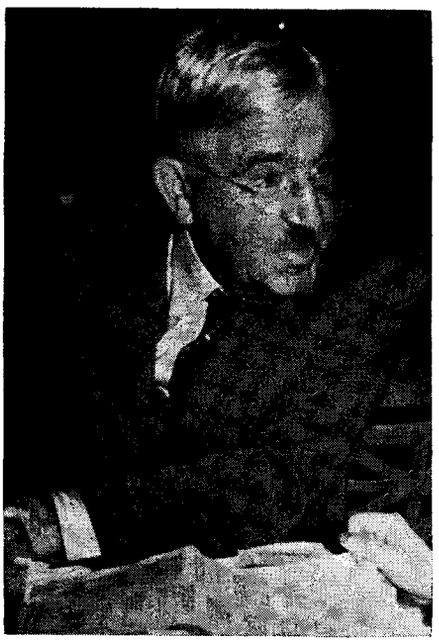
S.R.L. Photographer at the P.E.N. Dinner

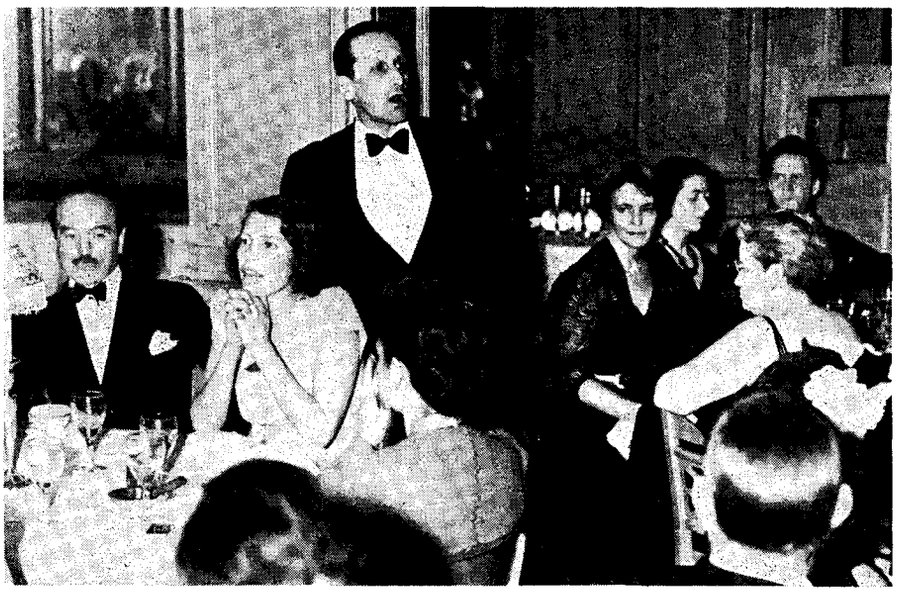
The American Center of the P.E.N. held a dinner at the Hotel Algonquin in New York City last Thursday evening, March 28, to induct two new officers: Robert Nathan as President, and Henry Goddard Leach as Vice-President.

Reporting the dinner for *The Saturday Review* was Robert Disraeli, staff photographer, who took these candid camera shots of P.E.N. members and who supplied the undercaptions.

Oliver St. John Gogarty said only the Irish and the Americans know the proper way to use the English language.



John Dewey, sans black tie, was kept busy before, during, and after courses, entertaining visitors from other tables.



Robert Nathan (center), who succeeds Dorothy Thompson as P. E. N. President, makes the rounds of the tables to greet his many friends shortly after his talk.

Mr. Nathan's remarks amuse, left to right, Mrs. A. Rembao, Louis Halle, Jr., Clayton Hamilton, Mrs. Sherwood Anderson, and Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Kleeman.

Sherwood Anderson tells Margaret Widdemer about the endless problems of house-building and the story of the local mason who carved his name on the keystone.

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"Cannot be superseded . . ."

"From time to time there appears a book which is likely to be the best that will ever be written on a given subject. The description of life in Spain by George Borrow, and of Arabia by Doughty and Lawrence, cannot be superseded. This is the quality of the book that Mr. Hauser has written about Shanghai."

—P. W. Wilson's front page review, New York Times

Shanghai

CITY FOR SALE
by Ernest O. Hauser

A biography of Shanghai, a dramatic story of the white man's pioneering which reads, continues the feature review in the *New York Times Book Review,* like a battle between Greeks and Trojans at the gates of Troy. Nearly a century ago, when China was one of the world's last frontiers, a few thousand "foreign devils" — British, French, American — took possession in Shanghai, drained the wealth of the celestial empire through Shanghai, grew rich and powerful. And now the story is over. One of the most colorful chapters of Western imperialism has come to an end with the Sino-Japanese war.

PEARL S. BUCK, *Asia:* "A true picture of the most amazing city in the world's last century. . . . A vivid living portrait of a city that was more than a city. Shanghai was a personality."

Just out, $3.00

Sylvia Chatfield Bate
THE FLOOR OF
author of "The Long Way H

"A delightful book'" — *N. Y. Tim*
ity of an idyll" — *N Y. Herald Tr*
tiful novel of New England, its s
windswept island, its characters
her husband, and her fated lover
love story.

Kay Boyle
three short novels
THE CRAZY HU

"A story to stand with Steinbe
Pony'." — *Sterling North, Chicag*
"At her best in this book, Miss
strates that she is one of the b
writers in America." — *Peter Mon*
Times.

Desmond Holdridge
END OF THE RIV

The author of "Escape to the
"Witch in the Wilderness" writes
of a South American Indian, a boy
pulted into "civilized" life, whose
of the impact of "civilization" o
human being.

Hans Habe
SIXTEEN DAYS

A novel of the Munich crisis,
people's personal tragedy develo
background of impending doom
and thoughtful novel that must co
as a genuine literary achievement
is cluttered with merely tendenti
This is literature, as opposed to
propaganda"
— *Ben Ray Redman, Saturday*

Dorothy L. Sayers
In the Teeth of the E

Wimsey and Egg stories, and sor
about the best spine-chillers of th
4th

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Neil MacNeil
Without Fear or Favor

A complete and absorbing picture of a modern metropolitan newspaper, telling how news is gathered, transmitted, edited, put to press in four or five hours; explaining how every department works; the first and only book of its kind, and by an assistant managing editor of *The New York Times.* $3.00

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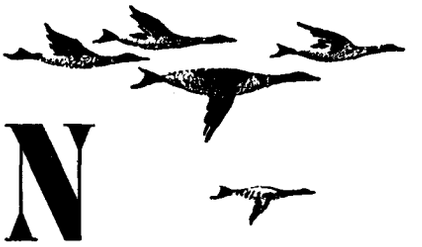

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From the jacket of "Mr. Skeffington."

Mrs. S. on Mr. S.'s Stage

MR. SKEFFINGTON. By Elizabeth. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 330 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THERE is no one more skilled in an irony that can be impish without being cruel than Elizabeth and no one who can more gracefully take the edge off malice by humor. Her social satire is informed by understanding and warmed by amusement over the follies and foibles which are the stuff from which she spins her delectable comedies. "Mr. Skeffington" is in the pleasantest vein of her entertaining novels, and like her other tales is so adroit in its method and so ingenious in its situations as to have never a dull page.

Though it is Mr. Skeffington who gives his name to the story, it is Mrs. Skeffington who holds the stage. The beautiful Fanny Skeffington, or rather the once beautiful Fanny Skeffington, is introduced at that grim moment in a woman's life when she realizes that youth has vanished and that the years have left her ravaged in appearance. Up to the moment Fanny has had the world at her feet; rich, beautiful, well over her marriage to Job Skeffington, a Jew whose religion she has embraced and whose incurable tendency to make love to his secretaries has given her cause to escape the bonds of matrimony while his devotion has supplied her with a handsome settlement, she has held enthralled a long succession of admirers. True, they have grown younger as she has grown older, and now, in the heightened sensibility of her convalescence from a long illness, she realizes that with her fiftieth birthday which is only a few days off she stands on the threshold of old age and decreasing charms. Worse still, Mr. Skeffington, the husband she has so blithely discarded and so cheerfully forgotten, has come back in fancy to plague her. The mere thought of fish for breakfast is enough to recreate him for her as once he sat at the breakfast table behind the silver fish warmer, and as she undresses at night there he is again, kneeling as of old before her, and putting her slippers on her feet. A husband to haunt her is the last thing on earth that Fanny wants, and determined to lay his ghost she goes to consult a fashionable nerve specialist by whom all her acquaintance swear. To her furious indignation he prescribes as cure for the husband of her imagination taking the actual one back. Outraged by his suggestion, she turns for advice to the men who have loved her in the past. And, progressing from one to the other, poor Fanny discovers how brief is the active existence of passion and how inevitably time tempers love to affection.

Elizabeth would not be Elizabeth did she not portray Fanny's journey to understanding through a series of contretemps as diverting as they are convincing. She is endlessly ingenious in devising situations, amusing or sardonic, which carry her story on to a surprise ending, and she has sympathy enough to make her heroine, who is a good deal of a fool, both credible and appealing. Her satire glances from one person to another, and before she is through with them she has thrust her rapier through Fanny's lovers as well as herself; yet her book is written in the best of humor. Elizabeth is, indeed, a highly civilized writer, blest with wit enough to give pungency to her social satire and sensibility enough to give it feeling. And she is an admirable stylist, graceful, economical, with a knack for happy characterization and a barbed phrase, and the ability to tell a tale with swiftness and vivacity. Like all of her books, "Mr. Skeffington" is delightful entertainment.

Olden Time in Wales

THE SWAN OF USK. A Historical Novel. By Helen Ashton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

TO tell the known facts of the long life of the poet Henry Vaughan would require the space of no more than a small volume. Helen Ashton chooses to add to these a moderate amount of invented material and to sink the aggregate into an enormous background. The result is not a good "historical novel" but an interesting study of the milieu in which Vaughan lived. The "hero" moves on a simple biographical line, not through the meshes of a plot. He goes to school, suffers illnesses, attends Jesus College, worms out of the legal studies which as elder son he was expected to follow, fights in the Civil War, marries and begets children, endures the odium and the economic difficulties of a dispossessed Royalist under the Cromwells, ekes out a precarious existence as a country doctor, and dies at seventy-three —remembered as a good man but not celebrated as a poet.

Little of all this is new; perhaps the most interesting item Miss Ashton has to report is the record of Vaughan's having actually fought in the Civil War instead of merely acting as a surgeon's aid. The poet's literary production is dealt with only incidentally. What emerges from the book as a whole is not an ordered story or even a very intimate portrait of Vaughan but a warm and full representation of what it must have been like to live in the Welsh Marches in the mid-seventeenth century. The region of the river Usk is delineated with a loving hand. The practical but imaginative character of the Welsh is seen through a minute study of their daily domestic economy, their folk-lore (was it from Brecknockshire that Shakespeare fetched his Puck?), their religious exercises, their isolated social life, and their suffering when war split the people into factions. It is on this generalized ground that Miss Ashton takes her stand. She has made heavy drafts upon contemporary source materials—Culpeper for herb-lore, Wiseman and Sir Thomas Browne for medicine, Anthony à Wood for the Oxford life. She may make a slip in her facts: Tom Vaughan's wife, mentioned twice, is once called Rebecca (her real name) and once Rachel. Yet Miss Ashton gives the impression that she has made a pretty thorough study of her materials. Not a good novel, "The Swan of Usk" is an absorbing study of an olden time in Wales.

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Souls of Poindexter

GOD RIDES A GALE. By James Robert Peery. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1940. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK DANIEL

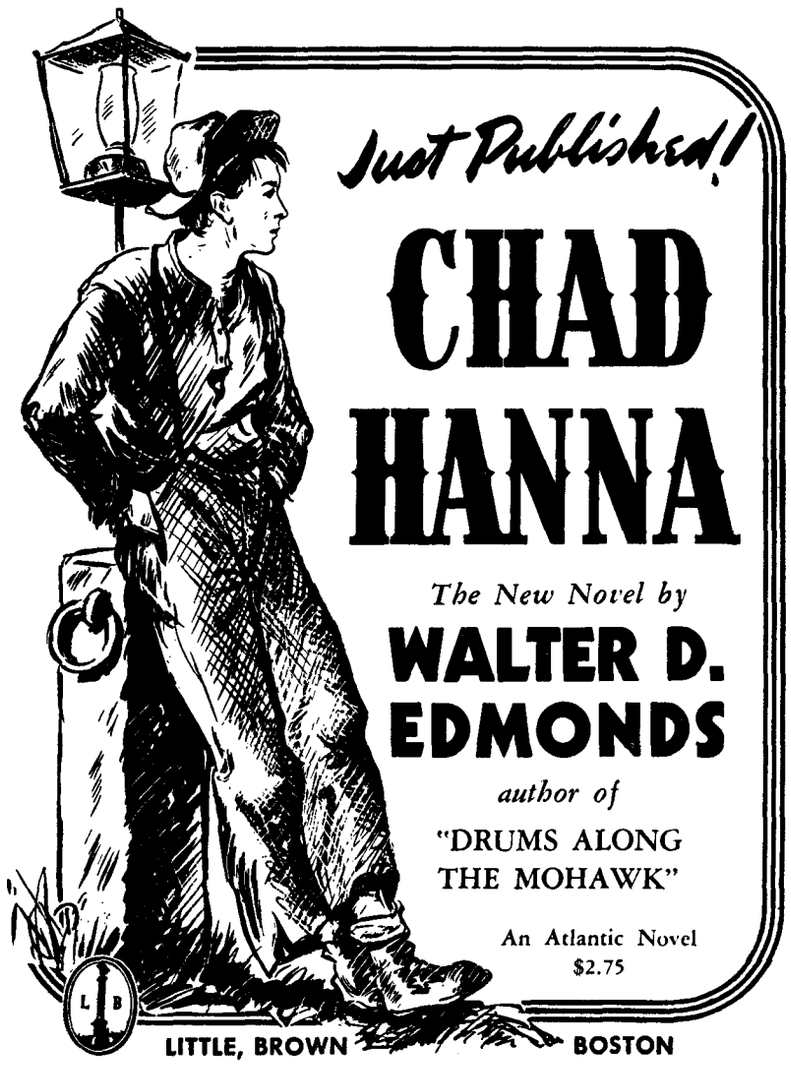
THE collapse of the Bridge of San Luis Rey punctiliously disposed of a well-balanced assortment of human misery. But the tornado that ripped through Poindexter City, just when the evangelical meeting sponsored by Newt Carter's Church of God's Anointed was reaching its climax, showed less sense of poetic justice. Newt had bought the tent for the services with profits from bootlegging, and in his first terror of the disaster he was inclined to interpret the tornado as a Divine reprimand —that is, until God gave Newt a quite unmistakable sign in indisputable cash form. So Newt decides to go ahead with his evangelical project, as the other survivors, in "God Rides a Gale," despite their recent terror, proceed towards their individual destinies.

The several hundred souls in and around Poindexter are shown through the full revelation of three interlaping families. Dr. Joseph Kilgore and his son Tom are of the town's aristocracy. The father, after twenty years of doctoring, has resorted to narcotics, Tom is temporarily stimulated by love of Maury Dell Carter, illogically beautiful daughter of Newt and Puss Carter. But the love is doomed, for Maury Dell has been too widely admired for Poindexter's tolerance.

Maury Dell's father, Newt Carter, has made a good thing of selling Bibles, so he enlarges his activities and becomes impresario of an evangelical Church of God's Anointed. Newt, the up-and-coming po' white, hits upon a clever device to exploit his less enterprising kind—for instance, Fate and Mattie Bollis, who combine religious and philoprogenitive fervor with squalid torpor. And Newt's evangelical meeting assembles the characters for the careless, inconsequential doom meted out when God rides a gale.

Poindexter is in the former William Faulkner preserve, where "Stark Summer" established John Robert Peery's squatter rights. Now "God Rides a Gale" guarantees his literary citizenship and authority among the "north-central Mississippi towns which served as trading centers for a territory extending southward from Oxford to Kosciusko, and westward from West Point to that sharp, irregular line dividing Mississippi hills from Mississippi River 'Delta'."

But "God Rides a Gale" would probably be the same novel if "The Unvanquished" and "Wild Palms" and "The Hamlet" had not been written. Mr. Peery and Mr. Faulkner may derive their characters and incidents from identical or contiguous territory, but each derives directly. Mr. Peery's men and women may undergo similar provincial difficulties, but they are never the same; their degree may be as low, their secrets even as unorthodox, as Mr. Faulkner's accursed tribes, but "God Rides a Gale" sets out from a more familiar starting point, and the reader may dare to identify himself with Mr. Peery's Dr. Kilgore and Louise Martin. Overcast skies, in "God Rides a Gale," portend meteorological disturbance; the landscapes around Mr. Faulkner's Oxford might borrow their standard lighting effects from El Greco's Toledo.



VARIATIONS: PART II

(*Continued from page* 11)

unprincipled cynicism is, as he points out, easily bridged, and especially so in Russia where the veneer of civilization over savagery was always particularly thin, and where the people have for centuries been ruled by the knout.

Eugene Lyons sees Stalin's achievement of personal power as unique in history, in that it represents the triumph not of genius but of mediocrity. At the same time he points out that Stalin sums up in his person "the dominant aspect of our times, the bankruptcy of idealism and the triumph of amoralism." "It may be, however, that Stalin has his own peculiar genius, the genius of the supreme gangster who succeeds in ruling 160 million people by sheer terrorism."

This is a book which should be read by all those who still cherish the illusion that angels of socialism guard the frontiers of the U.S.S.R., and also by all who who desire to form an opinion as to what Russia's entry into Europe's armed conflict is likely to entail for the future of humanity.

Freda Utley, who has been a correspondent in Russia and the Far East, is the author of "Japan's Feet of Clay," and a forthcoming book, "The Dream We Lost."

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HINTS TO THE "L. I."

(*Continued from page 6*)

is that they realize the danger of what they are doing and that they act only because by not acting they would risk greater dangers.

Indeed, the measure of a politician's ability may be found in a gift for choosing between what truths can and what truths cannot be ignored with safety. Unhappily, political experiments sometimes seem to succeed or to fail in rough proportion to the like or dislike with which they are greeted by the populace. An experiment whose risks the expert—indeed, every expert—is convinced may be harmful, may be hailed as what men want. In this rough and chaotic world that may be a not insufficient test of success. Or, to put the matter another way, the politician is primarily interested not in the effects of what he does but in what people think about those effects.

Nor do the "liberal intellectuals" seem to have pondered sufficiently a profound truth stated by Sir Henry Taylor: "Wise men have always perceived that the execution of political measures is in reality the essence of them." When Sir Henry Taylor wrote, a century ago, government did little. Now "the sorting of the take" is an extremely complicated business. Mr. Chamberlain does not seem to care about the fact that the business is not well handled. To him the establishment of the social base line is the important thing. Perhaps it is important, but the skill of the server is important too.

Two considerations—grappling with facts and wise execution—are of high importance in estimating the possibilities of progress along a line slightly to the left of the middle of the road, which is apparently what Mr. Chamberlain desires. Unless the leaders of a caravan investigate the terrain and instruct their aides, the followers will become moved, or worse, perhaps, run to the right or to the left. Their task is no less difficult if, as Mr. Chamberlain anticipates, the end of the war reduces our exports and forces us to find new sources of imports. This does not alarm him. We can develop our home market, but the more autarchical an economic system becomes, the more important it is that thought precede action and that administration be efficient. And the more self-sufficiency there is, the greater the threat to individual liberty.

When economic liberty goes by the board, is it possible to preserve political freedom? Yes, if there is substantial agreement on the objectives that are sought. At the present moment in

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Great Britain, for example, there is the remarkable and heartening example of an economic society which has become almost completely totalitarian —with all economic effort centered on the prosecution of the war—and of a political system which is functioning more virilely than was the case before the war broke out. But "the sorting of the take" gives all of it to war. When, later, parties and classes quarrel over the sorting, and the "take" is much smaller, the situation may be different.

This, I think, Mr. Chamberlain senses. He has not pretended to write a profound treatise, but simply a *livre de circonstance*. Some will admire his uncommon ability in stating his views clearly more than the views themselves. He has a gift for homely and forceful phrases. On occasion the rapid sweep of his style makes it difficult for the reader to spot gaps in the reasoning, to note that most of the "economists" who are cited are not eminent, and to see that some of the statistics are insufficiently digested. There are brief but brilliant characterizations of Roosevelt, LaGuardia and Phil LaFollette. Mr. Chamberlain admires these men, but not indiscriminately. That he cannot enumerate more players skilful enough to prevent the "American stakes" from being lost to opponents within or without the country is a fact which suggests that the sorting of a smaller "take" will be a risky business.

Music for the Millions

ESSAYS IN MUSICAL ANALYSIS. By Donald Francis Tovey. New York: Oxford University Press. 6 vols., 1281 pp. $4 per volume.

Reviewed by DAVID HALL

THE publication of Volume VI of Donald Francis Tovey's essays marks the completion of one of the finest sets of analytical program notes ever made available to the music loving public. These volumes represent a compilation of program notes for the concerts of the Reid Symphony Orchestra of Edinburgh, Scotland, an organization which Tovey founded and has conducted for the past twenty years. Mr. Tovey is a rare bird. Not only does he conduct his own orchestra and write his own program notes, but he is also a composer and pianist of no mean gifts. In addition, he is one of the foremost living musical scholars, having completed Bach's "Art of Fugue." For good measure, he holds the Reid Professorship of Music at the University of Edinburgh.

Tovey's writings exhibit superb ease and freedom of expression. Tovey has in sparkling abundance a gift lacked by too many writers in and of music—a first-rate sense of humor. All these qualities are combined to make these essays the most readable and delightful of their kind yet to see the light of day.

Since the essays are primarily program notes designed for use in the concert hall, I am going to discuss them from the point of view of the concert-goer rather than that of the book reviewer or the musical scholar. Thumbing through the six volumes* we find analyses of over two hundred works, most of them from the standard repertoire, a few of the better known contemporary masterpieces, and lastly, a whole host of works that for most of us are completely off the musical map. These latter are, almost all of them, of outstanding musical worth but have suffered more than their share of neglect in this country at the hands of conductors who insist on giving us the better known works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert twice or more each season without the faintest realization that these same masters have given us compositions of equal worth that receive a hearing only once in a musical lifetime. Yet as we look further through these essays, we discover strange and unaccountable gaps: little Wagner, only one Strauss tone poem; practically no Debussy.

We are not long in finding the reason for this. The works analyzed represent the working repertoire of the Reid Orchestra over a period of some twenty years, an orchestra whose musicians depend for their livelihood on theatre and cinema jobs and who have a maximum of only six hours a week for rehearsals. Furthermore the orchestra cannot afford extra wood-wind, Bayreuth tubas, and the like. And yet of all the two hundred and more works analyzed, the one most played received fourteen performances in eighteen years; this is far from making the work hackneyed. I wonder just how many orchestras of comparable size can boast of such a repertoire over a similar period of time under the same working conditions?

The analyses themselves range in length from a page or so for a Mozart overture to nearly fifty pages on the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. There are also a number of supplementary essays on general musical topics and a very useful glossary to help the reader over technical rough spots, of which there are quite a number. Even when dealing with these difficult technical matters the writing is always clear and

*Vol. I "Symphonies" (1935) 223 pp.
Vol. II "Symphonies" (II), Variations, and Orchestral Polyphony" (1935) 212 pp.
Vol. III "Concertos" (1936) 226 pp.
Vol. IV "Illustrative Music" (1936) 176 pp.
Vol. V "Vocal Music" (1937) 256 pp.
Vol. VI "Miscellaneous Notes, Glossary, and Index" (1940) 188 pp.

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A SMATTERING OF IGNORANCE
by OSCAR LEVANT
of "Information, Please!"
53rd thousand. $2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*

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lucid, never labored or pedantic. In fact, Tovey has a positive aversion to academicians who insist on a nicety in the use of musical terms which have little or no value in themselves except as an aid to classification. He resents attempts of these same Beckmessers to fit every work of music into a set form when actually each has certain peculiarities which make it to that extent a law unto itself. Hence he allows himself considerable freedom in his terminology. The essays deal mainly with the musical facts of a given work and are singularly free from the romantic literary allusions common to the work of certain other program annotators. Each essay consists, in general, of a short discussion of the work in relation to the composer's life and times and to ours, a penetrating analysis of its contents with an abundance of musical quotations, plus a liberal sprinkling of witty comment which serves the double purpose of demolishing preconceived opinions on the part of others and arousing the reader's lively interest in the music. I, for one, know of at least a dozen works that I should never have been interested in hearing had it not been for Tovey's stimulating influence.

Some of his opinions are unorthodox, to say the least. "Defects of form are not a justifiable ground for criticism from listeners who profess to enjoy the bleeding chunks of butcher's meat chopped from Wagner's operas and served up on Wagner nights as 'Waldweben' and 'Walkürenritt'. If you want Wagnerian concert music other than the few complete overtures and the Siegfried Idyll, why not try Bruckner?"

This sums up Tovey's attitude toward Wagnerian excerpts in the concert hall. He gives us an unprejudiced analysis of the work of Bruckner and Mahler that enables us to judge the music on its own merits rather than on the basis of violently partisan opinion. Tovey is justly fond of the Brahms "Tragic" Overture, which could stand many more performances than it receives at present on this side of the water. Of the outstanding contemporary works, Walton's Viola Concerto receives well deserved praise: "Any concerto for viola must be a 'tour de force'; but this seems to me to be one of the most important modern concertos for any instrument, and I can see no limits to what may be expected of the tone poet who created it." I can remember only one performance of this work in New York within the past five years. Fortunately, it is available on records for those who are interested in hearing a truly great modern work.

Tovey makes concert program notes

(*Continued on page* 30)

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JULES ROMAINS

(*Continued from page* 15)

youth; and Romains says himself, without much pride, that he and his friends at school read Herodotus and Pliny as easily as the newspapers, "and with more pleasure."

IF you do not allow for the French capacity for enjoyment, you would guess that this education would make a perfect 14-carat prig, like John Stuart Mill. On the contrary. The French enjoy intellectual suppleness as much as we admire athletic agility, and in fact Romains is a first-class humorous writer, a worthy successor to Molière and Courteline. When he left school, he served his year in the army (another strong unanimist experience), and then, having already published two or three books, entered the greatest college in France, the Ecole Normale Supérieure. I have mentioned his work at Normale. His play was just as important. There is a tradition there of admiration for elaborate jokes, called *canulars* (*canulards,* perhaps, from *canards?*), and Romains is remembered as a master mason of these absurdities.

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For instance, with that same impassive face and an easily improvised official uniform, he caused all the freshmen in his second year to strip and be medically examined. Usually he offered them little hope of admission to the School, or even of a long life outside its walls. (Dr. Knock.) Dressed in something closely resembling an Apache's costume, he sat, with three equally forbidding friends, in a cafe full of apprehensive Polish refugee Jews, lately escaped from pogroms and still dreading them in France: he simply sat there for two hours into the Sabbath morning, in a grisly silence which interdicted all others from leaving the place. But the finest of these enterprises was the election of Brisset as Master Thinker. Brisset was a ridiculous pseudo-philosopher who had (by linguistics) proved that men are descended not from monkeys but from frogs. Romains organized a stupendous demonstration in his honor, beginning with a meeting in the Pantheon and five minutes' silent thought before Rodin's "Thinker," and ending with a reception at which Brisset was, much to his own satisfaction, acclaimed the philosopher-king of the age. Testimonials to this effect were duly published, and since several cultured journals had lately acclaimed M. Untel as Poet of the Month and Mlle. Chose as Novelist of the Week, no real objection could be raised. Romains' own Professor Le Trouhadec is just such a character as Master Brisset, and in the center of just such a quack excitement we see again the sinister shadow of Dr. Knock.

His name was still, officially, Jules-Louis Farigoule. He has published all but one of his books as Jules Romains, which I suppose means something like Julius Roman: a strong allusion to the great civilizing force which all Gaul ought to revere. Pseudonymy is an odd custom; yet it is comfortable, and it is an old tradition in France—Voltaire's name was Arouet, and Molière's was Poquelin, and Dr. Alcofribas Nasier is that great laughing boozing figure François Rabelais. It allowed Romains to live in peace at Normale as a student with a sense of humor, and thereafter to teach for years without confusing his academic life with that which even then he felt to be more real, his life as a writer. He became "professeur de philosophie," which is, approximately, teacher of logic, rhetoric, and the history of culture, in the top grades of schools at Laon, north-east of Paris, Brest on the cold Channel, Nice (like Jallez in the last volume of "Men of Good Will"), and finally his beloved Paris. One of his pupils says that—like Housman—he taught well but with scrupulous impersonality. He gave up teaching in 1919.

Until the war he was known chiefly as a poet, and a writer of strange sensitive tales not large enough to be called novels. The war interrupted him just as he was turning from poetry to drama; when it ended, his dramaturgy had matured; and he actually headed a training-course for young actors at the famous Vieux-Colombier theatre. During the twenties he was second only to the outrageous Cocteau in interest and popularity. "Dr. Knock" brought him a great deal of money; some of its success can still be re-created by those who see Louis Jouvet, with that portentously professional intensity of his, playing Knock in the film that has been made since then.

First a poet, then a playwright; and now he has become a serious novelist. Actually, that division is too crude. Romains has been writing prose fiction since he was twenty, and he had one remarkable play produced before the war. But the main direction of his genius has been first to poetry, then to drama, and now, lastly, to this colossal work "Men of Good Will," on which he has been working since at least 1924, and which even now may be scarcely half-finished.

FRÉDÉRIC LEFEVRE asked him point-blank how long the book would last: twenty or forty volumes? Romains answered "We shall see." Lefèvre then asked for a date. The book, said Romains, begins on the 6th of October 1908 (that is just over four years from James Joyce's Bloomsday, June 16, 1904—it should be a well-documented decade!); and he was at first planning to end it in 1933, with another Day to balance the 6th of October 1908. The initial date was, he says, chosen as the focus of the period in which France decided between war and revolution. Within the last decade, we have seen other days no less portentous. I hope he will choose the right one. To select a conclusion as significant and moving as his climax of Verdun would do much to assure the huge cumulative effect of the cycle.

I have not mentioned his life as a public figure—he is international president of the great writers' association, the P.E.N. Club—nor his devotion to the cause of peace, not as a negative state of quiescence between wars, but as the positive creation of that long-postponed and much-vexed

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vision, Europe. At the moment these activities are in abeyance; although the wide influence of his books, all of which ultimately look in the same direction, is one of the firmest guarantees that they will one day revive.

His private life is, as you would expect, an effort to escape distractions, enjoy himself, and work hard. During the twenties he had a quiet villa in windy Belleville, the highest point in Paris, near the quays of La Villette which he loved. But recently he has kept a smart apartment near the Bois, and visits it when he must come to Paris, for business or pleasure. His real home is a little manor in Touraine, not far from Rabelais's birthplace, Chinon, and well within the Vouvray country. He has his own vineyard, and cultivates a private vintage, of which he is naturally proud. After all, to ally sun and rain and earth to bear good wine for oneself and one's friends is a feat of competence, a good deed, a unanimist act.

VARIATIONS: PART I

(*Continued from page* 10)

the despot, Stalin the party boss, Stalin the intolerant, the ruthless, the fanatic, the bad guesser, the blunderer, the liquidator. Let those who honestly want to know the man and his cause read these pages with an open mind. They will find that the realm of the Red Dictatorship as symbolized by its Führer is not Hell. Or if it is, its hellishness is at any rate mitigated by much human striving toward the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. They will also find that Stalin's Reich is not Heaven. Or if it is, its divinity is sullied by much cruelty, bungling, and vicious denial of the worth of man.

As for Mr. Werner's work, it is good. The selections are representative and fairly chosen. Stalin will get royalties but part of the profits are to be used for Finnish relief—to help atone for Stalin's greatest crime. On the other side of the ledger, there is no index; the arrangement is confusing; the juxtaposition of passages from various times and places obscures Stalin's development. By the editor's admission "the sectarian squabbles of the Communist groups have been omitted," though they happen to be indispensable to full understanding. The tone of the Foreword, moreover, as well as the quotations from Trotsky, the curious appendix on Stalin's police record, and the too frequent footnote quotations from Boris Souvarine's unreliable "biography" all suggest that Mr. Werner leans toward the devil theory of the Red High Priest.

By RICHARD WRIGHT

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"An astonishing piece of work. Judge it by the directly opposite standards of a thriller and a psychological novel and you will find it supreme from both points of view."—*Chicago Tribune.* $2.50

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Out of his brilliant studies of the lives of the great, this famous biographer has evolved a wise, satisfying philosophy of modern living. "Utopias and abstractions are ruled out of M. Maurois' calculations. There is nothing Pollyanish about him; he deals with realities and not with wish-fulfillments."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* "THE ART OF LIVING is excellent. The wealth of Maurois' knowledge of life shines through these pages."—*Abbé Ernest Dimnet.* $2.50

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None of His Friends Are Fascists

CONQUERING THE MAN IN THE STREET. By Ellis Freeman. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 356 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD LAVINE

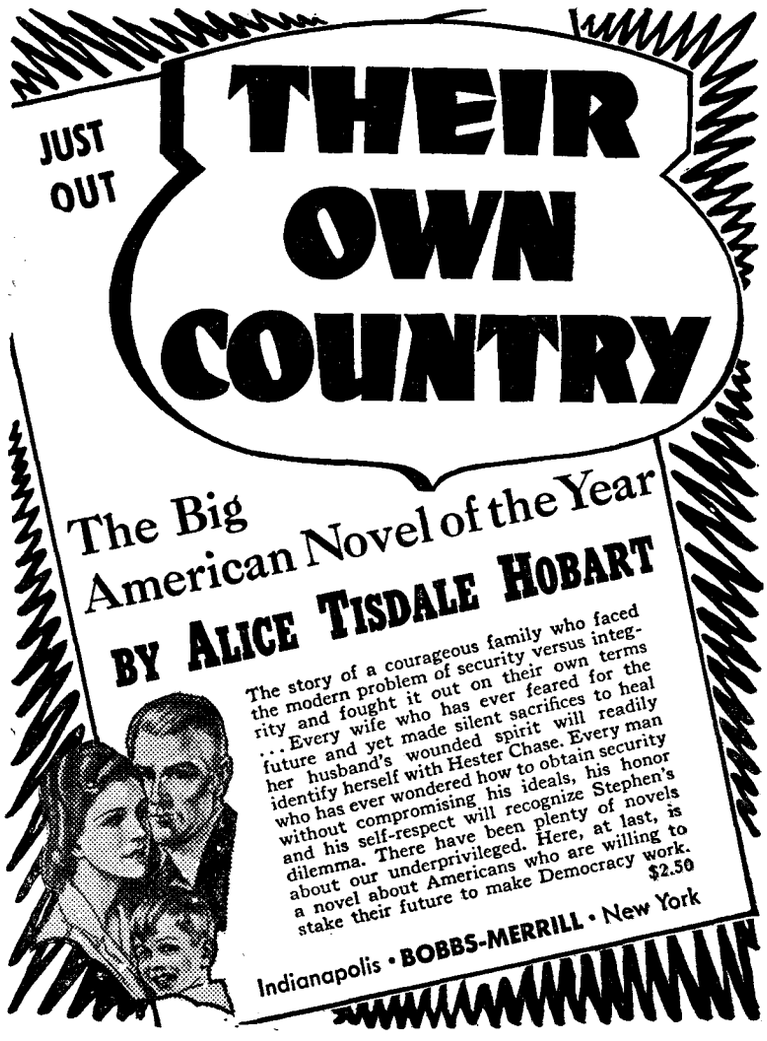
MR. FREEMAN is decidedly less incoherent than most of those who dislike fascism, but nevertheless he is indignant, and his indignation mars an otherwise excellent book, one which contributes much to our understanding of fascism. Mr. Freeman is not concerned with the economy of fascism, nor does he dawdle over the fascist Theory of the State. He doesn't care quite so much about what the fascist thinks as how the fascist thinks, and why. Therein lies the value of the book, for what the fascist thinks is too often irrelevant, as Fritz Thyssen and several of America's outstanding liberals have recently discovered. The fascist, himself, doesn't know what he thinks. He will often be the first to admit that he doesn't know what fascism is. During the past ten or twelve months, I I have spoken to hundreds of American fascists and fascist sympathizers —members of the Christian Front, the Christian Mobilizers, the Silvershirts, the Crusaders for Americanism, etc. Almost invariably, their concept of fascism can be compressed into one angry sentence: "Things will be different when people like me get into power!"

As Mr. Freeman says, the fascist is not only irrational, but consciously and often deliberately so. "To Hell with reason!" he shouts. "We spit on reason!" He insists that he thinks with his blood, and talks mystically of blood calling to blood, which doesn't mean anything but sounds impressive. Mr. Max Lerner once remarked that political ideas don't have to mean anything: sometimes they are effective just because they don't make sense. Mr. Freeman tells why they are effective, and he does so brilliantly. Obviously, none of his best friends are fascists. However, if some of *your* best friends are, you'll probably run into them on every other page of "Conquering the Man in the Street," not quite as big as life, but just as real, except . . .

Here is where Mr. Freeman's indignation comes in. For Hitler and Mussolini are no less irrational than most of their followers; yet, Mr. Freeman persists in thinking of them as rational, the more intensely to detest them, I suspect. He compares them with the quack psychiatrist, who, instead of attempting to cure his patients, chooses to aggravate their neuroses in order to exploit them. Now, there can't be any doubt but that Hitler and Mussolini do consciously seek to make their followers more and more irrational. However, this doesn't prove that Hitler and Mussolini are rational, themselves; nor does it prove that Hitler and Mussolini wish to exploit the German and Italian people. Hitler and Mussolini assume that people are irrational to begin with. Consequently, they don't believe in either the possibility or the desirability of any society based upon the assumption that people can think.

Mr. Freeman calls them "rogues." It probably makes him feel better, just as calling the Jews "those dirty, etc." makes the followers of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin glow.

Harold Lavine is the editorial director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis and the author of a forthcoming book, "America's Would-Be Dictators."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MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS

(*Continued from page* 27)

on this side of the ocean seem woefully inadequate by comparison. I think I am right when I say that good symphony program notes should be a worthy addition to the music lover's library. For that reason I envy the music lovers of Edinburgh. For it is at the very point where our program notes are weakest that Tovey is strongest; with the result that his work is not just a series of program notes but a truly valuable addition to any music library worthy of the name.

A final word about the essays themselves; it is unfortunate that the series is so expensive. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that there are countless numbers of music lovers who would count it a rare privilege to have Tovey on their shelves if it could be gotten at a reasonable price. If Oxford would reprint these essays under one cover and issue them at a price not exceeding $3.50 they would be doing both themselves and the music lovers of this country a real service. Meanwhile we must be content to go to the public libraries and the music schools in order to have the privilege of enjoying musical analysis truly worthy of the name.

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The New Books

Biography

ARTIST IN MANHATTAN. By Jerome Myers. New York: American Artists Group. 1940. 263 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

This is the third volume in a series which began with John Sloan's "Gist of Art" and continued with the life of Eilshemius, "And He Sat among the Ashes." Like the first two, it contains a one-hundred-page biography followed by one hundred reproductions of the artist's works, each accompanied by a descriptive note in which the painter recaptures the mood which prompted it, or merely describes in words what his brush has already characterized.

More than a quarter century ago Jerome Myers left the "mere vanities of art" behind him to become a humble observer of life in Manhattan's markets, playgrounds, and side streets—not harsh Broadway, but the mellower East Side. "To me," he writes, "the impression of group life became a guiding star." As a young man, he recoiled from the stylish art methods and the shallow bohemianism of Paris. As one of the instigators of the famous Armory Show, he discovered with chagrin that "Davies had unlocked the door to foreign art and thrown the key away," with disastrous results for many artists like Myers who soon learned that the dealers were fickle, that the public was easily beguiled by such "un-American propaganda" as French cubism, and that Cézanne's *Four Apples* could bring twenty thousand dollars—"five thousand an apple," Myers adds, "while whole orchards painted by American artists went begging."

Picture and text blend imperceptibly in this book: stray recollections, mild aphorisms from the pen of an artist in his seventies who knows that he has lived through a momentous period in American art and yet who stands aghast, he writes, "at the futility of my memory and at my lack of data"; and from the artist's brush, "a transfusion of facts in terms of spiritual concepts," concepts which seldom rise above the agreeably fanciful and the quietly charming, a "simple song of the poor" by a Manhattan Fra Angelico who believes that "in purity of intention, there can be no progress."

O. L.

Fiction

NIGHT BELL. By Kenneth Horan. Scribners. 1940. 278 *pp.* $2.

This is another hospital story. It deals again with the speeding up and intensification of those emotions that boil and froth in a world supremely concerned with pain and the fight against death.

Rose Morgan, wife of a staff surgeon of the Good Samaritan Hospital, un-

Spring 1940 New and forthcoming books from Chapel Hill

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By John Graham, Jr.
The Scandinavian programs and procedures and the amazing metamorphoses they have effected in urban and rural housing are recorded by a man who has a long-standing familiarity with American housing problems. Illustrated. $2.50

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By James R. Aswell and others
Tales from the Tennessee hills, including folk tales, whopper stories, and present-day yarns. They are both charming and authentic, many of them with a Paul Bunyan-ish flavor. Illustrated by Ann Kelly. July 27. $2.00

The Flight from the Flag
By George W. Dalzell
The stirring adventures of Confederate cruisers in their war on Yankee shipping and the continuing effect of their success on the American carrying trade. Illustrated. July 27. $3.50

Aliens and the Law
By William M. Gibson
A study, from the legal aspect, of the protection of personal rights accorded aliens in the United States and of the significance of United States principles and practices in the development of customary international law. April 20. $3.00

Folk Plays of Eastern Carolina
By Bernice Kelly Harris
The second volume in The Carolina Playmakers Series. A group of seven one-act plays successfully produced by the Carolina Playmakers and written by the author of *Purslane*. $2.50

Some Seventeenth Century Worthies
By R. Balfour Daniels
A delightful group of twenty-two familiar essays on literary figures, notable and otherwise, of the seventeenth century. April 27. $2.00

What College Presidents Say
By Edgar W. Knight
A study of the ideals and practices of higher education as revealed by extracts from the speeches, reports and writings of college and university heads. Classified under subject headings. $3.50

Red Carolinians
By Chapman J. Milling
A history of the Indian tribes inhabiting South Carolina from earliest times to their present far-flung homes in Oklahoma and Utah. June 22. $4.00

The Negro in Congress, 1870-1901
By Samuel Denny Smith
Twenty-two brief biographies of Negro Representatives and Senators, a running commentary on their associates and surroundings, and an evaluation of their achievements. May 25. $3.00

The Agadir Crisis
By Ima C. Barlow
A study of the issues in the second Moroccan crisis that endangered Franco-German relations and thereby threatened the peace of Europe in the early twentieth century, a survey of the incidents involved in that crisis and analysis of the motives of the various actors. April 20. $4.00

Positive Democracy
By James Feibleman
Democracy in theory and practice—where it has failed, and how it can be made to work. $2.50

The Human Meaning of Science
By Arthur H. Compton
Three lectures, delivered under the John Calvin McNair Foundation, on science's contributions to living and its relation to religious thought. $1.00

Human Nature Writ Large
By F. Creedy
A critical examination of Western society. $3.00

The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

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dergoes a serious operation. From her convalescent bed she watches and evaluates the forces about her, carefully noting everything—the opposing temperaments and jealousies of the doctors, the flippancies and skill of the nurses—and takes a hand in love affairs, operations, and death scenes. Her primary concern is with her brother-in-law, a brilliant surgeon whose passion to operate and general lack of restraint threaten his career. Next to operating he loves the beautiful young anesthetist. Disregarding the advice of Rose's conservative husband, he operates upon the girl's father. When his patient dies on the table he awakens to a realization of his weakness and to the virtues of his wife. When this has been accomplished Rose goes back home and the story ends.

The novel moves along easily and has that specious smoothness which too often substitutes for characterization and plot. The contending surgeons wholly lack conviction. The hospital atmosphere is fairly well conveyed, but the detailed descriptions of operations and diseases seem dragged in and add nothing at all to the story's development. In brief this novel seems to the reviewer an undistinguished attempt to take advantage of a public's hypertrophied concern with the body and its ailments before that interest abates. Is there nothing that can be done to shift that interest to another profession? One could welcome a novel about dentists!

M. S. U.

THIS SIDE OF GLORY. By Gwen Bristow. Crowell. 1940. 400 *pages.* $2.50.

Miss Bristow's latest novel continues her story of the two Louisiana families, the aristocratic Larnes and the poor white trash Upjohns, whose histories she traced in "Deep Summer" and "The Handsome Road." "This Side of Glory" opens in 1912; by this time the Upjohns have become substantial if bourgeois citizens, the Larnes still possess their family traditions, manners, and heavily mortgaged estate, and, by a useful stroke of coincidence, Eleanor Upjohn marries Kester Larne. Since Eleanor's industrious father pulled himself up the worldly ladder by his own bootstraps, she represents the "new South," and "This Side of Glory" is therefore to be taken as a study of the conflict between the old and the new.

That Miss Bristow has thought of her novel in these terms is not mere supposition or deduction from a jacket blurb; in chapter two, for example, she has Eleanor tell Kester, "You're a Southerner, and I'm an American." But none of this crystallizes. Although we are told that Kester is an intelligent but irresponsible cuss whose charm is terrific, none of that charm is communicated to the reader. We are merely *told* that he charmed all whom he met. Furthermore, Eleanor's Americanism seems to be made up of an inability to be comfortable in a room littered with clothes, a dislike for living luxuriously though in debt, and an admiration for success. In other words, you won't find any revelations germane to the South, either old or new, as typified in Kester and Eleanor.

So all there is left is a love and marriage story that is handicapped by the fact that neither of its main characters is convincingly drawn or becomes anything more than a name in a book. There is very little pace to the story, its climaxes are powerless, and the writing is seldom more than competent, often less than that.

W. J. G.

★★★★★ EXTRA

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by

George Dyer

Packed with thrills, slick detecting and action photographs. "One of the season's best mystery novels."
—*New York Times.*

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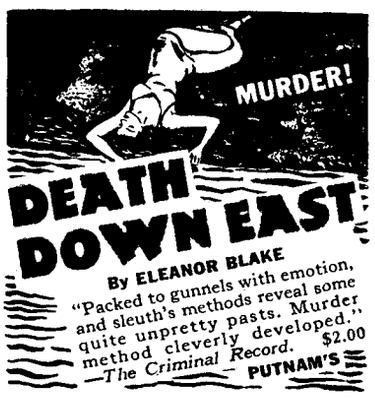
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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PEOPLE ASK DEATH *George Dyer* (Scribner's: $2.)	Dirty pool is played on Frisco police commissioner, whose corpse is found in swimming tank. The Catalyst Club, amateur sleuths, find murderer and new member.	Stays a mystery to dénouement. Excellent book mfg.—tabloid illustrations throughout build newspaper background and suspense.	Let the people ask for Dyer
FINDERS KEEPERS *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	Old blue diary brings death to several and almost finishes accordeen playing sleuth Campbell before ultimate plugging of pertinacious slayer.	Sinuously plotted, bright with dialogue and snapping with action down to final big scene in hospital bed room. There's romance, too.	Swell
BRANDON IS MISSING *Dennis Allan* (Mill: $2.)	Headless corpse in N. Y. taxi and missing bibliophile spell trouble for sleuth Carver.	Dénouement of tale not quite up to opening for suspense, but skulduggery in rare-book circles is interesting.	Average
WITCH WOOD *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Elderly "guest" at cabin resort foully slain. Bill French of N. Y. State homicide squad elucidates.	Well drawn characters, ample love interest, elusive killer, scenic background, and rather surprising finish.	Satisfactory
SABOTAGE *Cleve F. Adams* (Dutton: $2.)	Tough private investigator seeks reason for trouble on Nevada dam site.	Sabotage, murder, double crossing, torrid love scenes—all the fixins.	Hard-boiled epic
THE MAJOR HAS 7 GUESTS *Constance Wagner* (Stokes: $2.)	What forced imprisonment—very polite—by totalitarian European govt. did to seven assorted Americans.	Murder but no mystery, though espionage gets into plot. Plenty color, suspense, and sharp character work.	Good

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A Reader's Almanac: April, May, June

VIRGINIA KIRKUS

April 1

☞William Faulkner, verbal marathon winner, goes back to the Snopes of his earlier work in his new novel, *The Hamlet,* and once again indulges in tortuous and tortured excesses. Not pleasant reading—but you can't ignore him. ☞Eitel Dolbert, in *Convert to Freedom,* has a new story to tell—Hitler's Germany from the viewpoint of German youth, first an ardent advocate to Naziism, then a "convert to freedom."

April 5

☞*Chad Hanna* bids fair to take the lead on Spring lists, in the novel of that name by Walter Edmonds. From razorback to ringmaster, a grand tanbark yarn, and good Americana. ☞*Mr. Skeffington,* by "Elizabeth," is a skillful psychological novel of a woman who cannot quite accept the fact that her amorous career is over. A good story with authentic background and a bit of social furbelows. ☞At the other end of the social scale,—*The Triumph of Willie Pond,* by Caroline Slade, might be defined as a social worker's case book on a family on relief, for the bitter tang of unsavory truth underlies the story of the Ponds. ☞To those who knew Elizabeth Madox Roberts first as a poet, it is good news to learn of *Song in the Meadow,* a collection of poems revealing a rare talent and distinction.

April 8

☞Sally Salminen, in her second novel of the Aland Islands, *Mariana,* once again shares an intimate knowledge of the region and the people in a story of more drama and conflict than its predecessor. ☞The problem of minorities forms the basis for a poignant story of the Tyrol, *The Valley of Exile,* by Loveday Prior. ☞William McFee's new book, *Watch Below,* is a story of the heyday of the British merchant marine, life on a cargo steamer plying her trade in the waterways of the world.

April 11

☞Sharply etched character sketches, good adventure, local color—all this in Geoffrey Household's collection of short stories, *The Salvation of Pisco Gabar.* ☞A significant biography, *George Washington,* by Nathaniel Stephenson and Waldo Dunn. ☞Erika Mann presents a revealing picture of life in modern Germany through a group of sketches, true stories drawn from actual cases in city and village and country, in *The Lights Go Down.*

April 12

☞J. Hyatt Downing is doing good American regional fiction, and *Sioux City* is symbolic of an overgrown town expanding into a boom city, with the central character, a youth caught in the contagion of expansion and prosperity. ☞In *Paris Gazette,* Lion Feuchtwanger gives a realistic picture of German exiles struggling for self expression and a new way of life. ☞*Dark Memory* shows that Jonathan Latimer has more strings to his bow than thrillers, for here is a well-blended mixture of sentiment, adventure, romance, and hardhitting narrative. ☞For a good mystery, read Kathleen Moore Knight's *Death Came Dancing,* murder and robbery against Panama carnival days. ☞Don't miss the pictorial record of a city under attack, Warsaw in the fourteen days before the fall, *Siege* by Julien Bryan.

April 14

☞Symbolic metaphysical novel played out against the drama of catastrophe,—*Titanic,* by Robert Prechtl.

April 15

☞*King's Row* is the title of Henry Bellaman's fine novel—and the town of King's Row is the villain of the piece, while a youth who becomes a psychiatrist is the hero. ☞Louis Zara has given us first rate historical fiction in his new novel, *This Land Is Ours.*

April 16

☞And another grand yarn, which belongs in the panel with the Zara book, *Wolves Against the Moon,* by Julia Cooley Altrocchi. The period spans those treacherous years from 1794 to 1812, in the new American territories. ☞For sharp contrast,—Helen Thomas Flexner's *A Quaker Childhood,* a homespun autobiography.

April 17

☞Some new twists and more suspense than ever in the new *Blue Mask Strikes Again,* by Anthony Morton.

April 18

☞A biography of the staunchest defender of American rights, in *Mr. Pitt,* by John C. Long,—well-paced, informal and yet authentic.

April 19

☞Sophisticated clowning in Virginia Faulkner's new novel, *My Heyday.* ☞A "now it can be told" on the part of the British Ambassador to Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson,—*Fail-*

PLAUDITS
from the press for
Susan Glaspell's
great new novel of a lonely, gallant woman

THE Morning IS NEAR US

"Distinctly original . . . skill and grace . . . highly keyed suspense . . . prime entertainment."
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"Noteworthy for its thoroughly believable heroine."
—The New Yorker.

"Expert craftsmanship . . suspense 'til the very end."
—Washington Post.

"Beautifully polished, delicately written . . a powerful and touching climax."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"She does it with the skill of a dramatist . . . a remarkable story."
—N. Y. World-Telegram.

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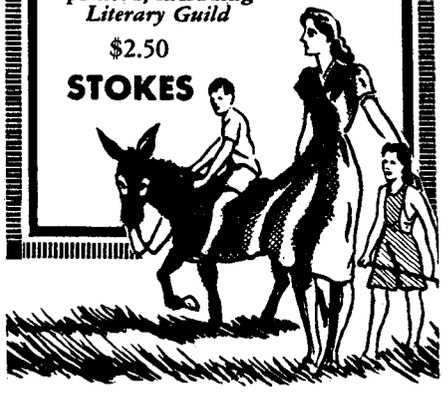

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ure of a Mission. ☞An unorthodox autobiography by a man with few inhibitions,—*The Wind of Circumstance,* by Harold Dearden.

April 22

☞Title, author, and illustrator tell the story—*Fields for President,* by W. C. Fields, with illustrations by O. Soglow.

April 25

☞There's a wealth of information in *The Triumph of American Capitalism,* by Louis M. Hacker. A good economic history of the United States with roots in Europe.

April 26

☞*Broken Pledges,* by Philip Gibbs, is the love story of an American journalist and an English daughter of the aristocracy. ☞Stewart Edward White shifts scene to the Northwest, in a story of youth with the call of new places in the blood,—*Wild Geese Calling.* ☞An unusual, brilliant, and somewhat esoteric first novel by a poet, Rayner Heppenstall, *The Blaze of Noon.* ☞Two recommendations for escape reading,—*Red Clark for Luck,* by Gordon Young, and *Murder on the Face of It,* by Emma Lou Fetta. ☞A. P. Herbert's new book, *General Cargo,* is a random collection,—bits of verse, critical commentary, social satire, etc. ☞And Harold Lamb once more shows that history can always provide new inspiration for the good story teller, in *The March of the Barbarians,* a story of Asia in the days when men on horseback swayed empires.

April 29

☞Folk tales, anecdotes, and human interest stories, built around the people she knows so well,—*When the Whippoorwill,* by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. She is a many faceted writer. ☞*Spring Offensive,* by Herbert Clyde Lewis, is a trick book, convincingly handled—a man's life in flashbacks. ☞Mystery-novel, rather than straight whodunit,—*Head Over Heels in Murder,* by Ione Sandberg Shriber.

April 30

☞Jonathan Daniels, after exploring his own southland, penetrates the fastnesses of New England in *A Southerner Discovers New England.*

☞Chester Valley, Pennsylvania, is the protogonist of a modern novel of a passing era in *Shadows on the Valley,* by Barbara Webster. ☞James Truslow Adams continues his history of the British Empire in *Empire on the Seven Seas.* It covers momentous years, from the end of the American Revolution to the accession of George VI. ☞Vol. II of Nicholas Murray Butler's autobiography, *Across the Busy Years,* tallies closely with the first volume in its impersonality. It deals with his work as unofficial ambassador of good will, the official side of his activities. ☞Michael Strange tells a glamorous story of her own life in *Who Tells Me True.*

"EARLY IN MAY"

☞We reported the de Savitch book last time under an earlier date and a different title, but what we said still holds true "early in May" for *In Search of Complications!*

May 6

☞There's Louis Paul's new book, *A Passion for Privacy,* light-hearted romantic farce, for Spring hammock reading. ☞And there's a story built around a figure familiar to many, the door-to-door salesperson, in *Doorbells,* by Barbara Black. ☞Two books bring nature close in different ways,—*Look at Life,* by Linwood Chace, a beautiful photographic book of the animal life around us; and *Down to Earth,* by Alan Devoe, in which a naturalist who is a philosopher as well, makes his observations of the world of nature around him enchanting reading.

May 7

☞Stewart H. Holbrook, in *Ethan Allen,* gives Vermont's hero flesh and blood reality. ☞Robert R. R. Brooks uses steel as his "proving ground" for the study of unionism in a basic industry, *As Steel Goes.*

May 8

☞George Arliss tells of his *Ten Years in the Studios,* with characteristic understatement of his own real contribution. An engaging book.

May 9

☞The tale of a remote castle in Austria, at the turn of the century, *A Castle in Carinthia,* by Johan Fabricius, and of developments up to and through the first world war. ☞Amusing and entertaining deviation from usual Western fare in *Man on Horseback,* by B. M. Bower. ☞For wealth of background material on the real West, read Erna Fergusson's *Our Southwest.* Good history and good travel information. ☞Swinging West and North—there is *Alaska Holiday,* by Barrett Willoughby,—a personal record of two women on "Alaska holiday," and a pot-pourri of stories and sketches on the country and the people. ☞Crusader against plagues, the world around, Hans Zinsser, writes what sounds suspiciously like autobiography in *As I Remember Him.* He knows how to spin a tale.

May 10

☞Leads off with the astounding "forbidden classic" of Chinese literature, *Chin Ping Mei,* the adventurous history of Hsi Men and his Six Wives. It is a veritable Casanova legend. ☞With fluent wit and discerning candor, Sir John Lavery tells his story, *The Life of a Painter.* ☞Then a new Wodehouse, *Eggs, Beans and Crumpets,* short stories of Wodehouse familiars and newcomers and their economic, financial, and romantic adventures. ☞Dual Crime Club selection in Rufus King's *Holiday Homicide,* and in a spinster-sleuth yarn, *The Lady Wept Alone,* by Carolyn Byrd Dawson. ☞Lastly, Hugh Walpole's random reminiscences of Rome, *Roman Fountain.* From the funeral of Pius XI, which took him there in 1939, his mental wanderings carry him back to various experiences and the thoughts to which they gave rise.

May 13

☞Scheduled for this date, Elizabeth Goudge's *The Bird in the Tree.* ☞And Katharine Brush, popular novelist and short story writer, writes an honest

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and revealing autobiography, *This Is On Me.*

May 14

☞The Pasquier Chronicles are continued in *Cecile Pasquier,* by Georges Duhamel, thus bringing the cycle down to 1914.

May 17

☞Upton Sinclair has a faculty for spinning a good yarn out of topical material and in *World's End,* the armament industry of the world is "his pigeon."

May 20

☞A section of the country which teems with adventurous history is drained by the Arkansas River and the next title in the River Series is Clyde Brion Davis's *The Arkansas.*

May 23

☞A frontier figure forms the central character in Cecile Hulse Matschat's first novel, *Preacher on Horseback.*

May 29

☞F. Van Wyck Mason has painted a broad canvas, with the colonies, the Bahamas, and war on land and sea in his new historical novel of the American Revolution, *Stars on the Sea.*

AND JUST A FORETASTE OF JUNE

June 1

☞Angela Thirkell, whose deftness with trivia is assuredly popular, has a new novel, *Before Lunch.*

June 4

☞A small Southern mill town and a group of characters closely linked by relations to the central character, work out their pattern in a powerful story, *Heart of Silence,* by Carson McCullers. ☞Romantic drama, set in the period when the French and the British were in conflict over possession of Acadia,—*Quietly My Captain Waits,* by Evelyn Eaton. ☞Ribald, and yet in good taste—*Cabbage Holiday,* by Anthony Thorne.

June 5

☞Readers of *The New Yorker* will look forward to a collection of John C. Mosher's sketches in *Celibate at Twilight.* ☞Romance, in popular key, *Kind Are Her Answers,* by Mary Renault.

And with a new R. C. Hutchinson, *The Fire and the Wood,* coming on the 17th; Neil Swanson's *The Silent Drum* promised for the 10th; and on that same date Helen Hull's *Through the House Door,* scheduled with the much-heralded James Gould Cozzens, *Ask Me Tomorrow,* Van Loon's *Story of the Pacific* and other tempting fare in the offing, it looks like a good month for book-lovers. Watch for the June Postscript.

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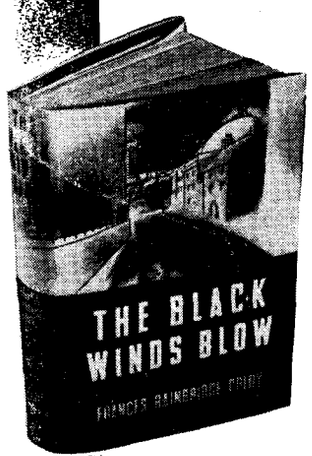

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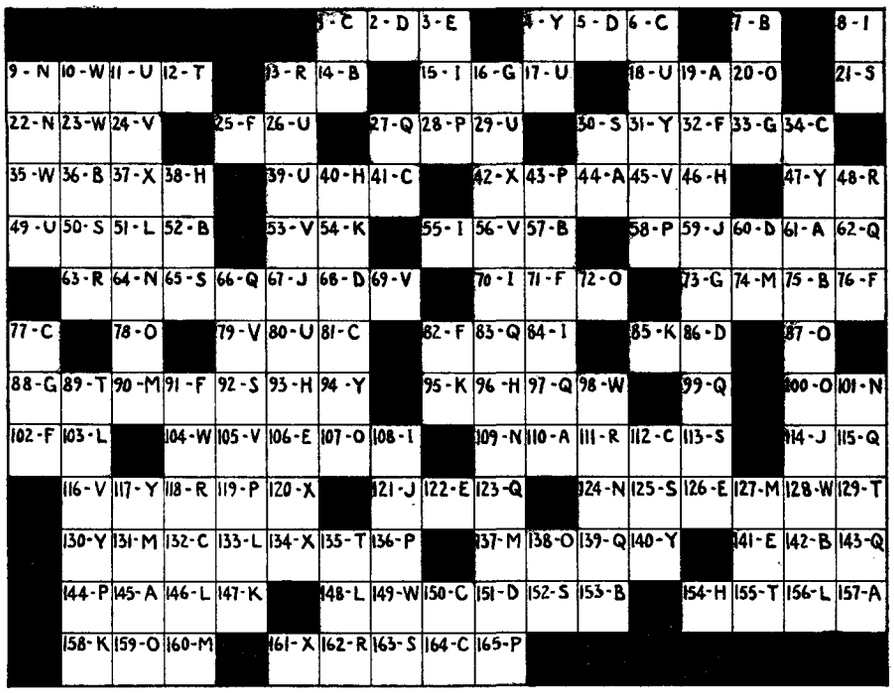

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Pet canine (2 wds.)
B. Stupid; like a goose.
C. Not accompanied.
D. Full of wrinkles.
E. Harbor of Solomon's Ophir fleet.
F. Dukedom of Thomas Mowbray ("Richard II").
G. Intimations.
H. Observing narrowly.
I. Small poodle with long curly hair.
J. Greek letter.
K. Mogul viceroy.
L. Jaundiced.
M. Character in "King Lear."
N. European maple in U. S.
O. Hook-shaped.
P. Contrivance (slang).
Q. Novel by Cooper.
R. Fame, note.
S. Railed bitterly.
T. Out of sorts (colloq.)
U. Satellite of Jupiter.
V. Foolishly diffident.
W. Externally manifest.
X. Equine cry.
Y. Hideous; deathlike.

WORDS

A. 145 19 44 157 110 61
B. 7 142 52 57 36 14 75 153
C. 150 1 132 6 41 164 112 77 81 34
D. 68 60 151 2 86 5
E. 106 126 141 3 122
F. 71 25 91 82 102 76 32
G. 73 16 33 88
H. 40 46 38 96 93 154
I. 15 70 84 8 108 55
J. 114 59 121 67
K. 54 158 147 85 95
L. 133 51 148 156 146 103
M. 74 137 131 90 127 160
N. 101 9 64 124 22 109
O. 87 159 100 20 107 138 78 72
P. 144 28 119 58 43 165 136
Q. 66 83 27 62 139 99 115 143 123 97
R. 162 118 63 111 13 48
S. 92 30 50 65 125 113 152 163 21
T. 135 155 12 89 129
U. 11 49 26 39 18 80 17 29
V. 79 56 24 69 45 53 116 105
W. 128 10 35 104 149 23 98
X. 120 37 134 161 42
Y. 94 117 31 130 140 47 4

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Trade Winds

P. E. G. QUERCUS

AFTER a sunny day (Old Q. got his nose sunburned while fussing with his daffodils) and a sudden tepid shower, March went out on a rainbow at 6.30 p.m. last Sunday evening. ☞Q.'s Holmesian fancy was tickled when he noticed in glancing over the rotogravure that the caption writer had dubbed the recent villainous sun-spots "The Speckled Band." And so they did appear, as photographed by telescopic lens. ☞A cat-fancier from way back, we were delighted to receive Clare Turlay Newberry's little book, *Drawing a Cat,* from *The Studio Publications* (April 10, $1.00). And we learn that coinciding with the publication of the sketchbook an exhibition of her cat drawings will be held at the Arden Galleries, 460 Park Avenue, from April 9 to 20.

★ ★

☞*Mittens* and *Babette,* both published by Harper, are among the books which have been illustrated by Clare Newberry. ☞Another attractive "little" book recently received is *I Have a Book,* by George & Eleanor Stewart (published by George W. Stewart, 50c.). *Publisher's Weekly* recently reprinted some of the Stewarts' illustrations of unusual bookshelf arrangements, but omitted one which particularly appeals to Old Q.: a group of shelves built in at one end of the bathtub. The authors say, and we concur, "There is a sense of luxury in a leisurely bath with a book of short stories taken from the shelf over the tub. It may seem outrageous to those who haven't tried it. But there are thousands who have and find their 'principal retreat' in this aqueous way."

★ ★

☞In response to several requests from readers we reiterate that copies of *Liberty and Union,* the play by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sarah N. Cleghorn dramatizing scenes from the Constitutional Convention of 1789, may be had at 5 cents each from the office of The Children's Crusade for Children, Empire State Building, N. Y. City. ☞Q. was greatly interested in the fabulous merchandising history of "Old Spice" toiletries in the April issue of *Fortune.* He is wondering whether some competitor might get up a line called "Old Q.", and pay him a handsome royalty on every box of dusting powder? ☞Apropos of spice, Clip Boutell he say, "Old Mandarins ought to be amused by the amatory and political adventures of the redoubtable Hsi Men, recounted in *Chin P'ing Mei,* the famous Chinese classic which Putnam's are publishing on May 10 (2 vols.)." He warns us against lending same to maiden aunts without having first perused it, because of a "certain frankness in the novel."

☞We are inclined to marvel at the ingenuity of the book-thief who last week was caught helping himself to a copy of Bartlett's *Quotations* from the stock of J. Ray Peck in N. Y. City. The pilferer had arranged a trap-door in one end of what appeared to be a large paper-wrapped package. But his hand was less quick than the eye of Mr. Peck. ☞The last of this season's Book & Author Luncheons, sponsored jointly by the A. B. A. and the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune,* will be held at the Hotel Astor on April 9. State of Maine lobster will be the feature of the menu, and the Astor chefs will use Marjorie Mosser's *Good Maine Food* as their guide. Miss Mosser, who is the niece and secretary of our old friend Kenneth (Hot Buttered Rum) Roberts, will be present at the luncheon; other guests of honor will be Mlle. Eve Curie, Ogden Nash, and Major George Fielding Eliot. Sterling North is coming from Chicago to act as chairman. ☞A book of unique and attractive format is the special preview edition of Alliance's forthcoming *The Blaze of Noon,* by Rayner Heppenstall. We haven't had time to read it, but it will be worth the while of alert booksellers and bookshop assistants to do so: Alliance are offering awards of $225 in cash and prizes to bookstore people for the best 100-word answers to the question "Why did R. H. name his novel *The Blaze of Noon?*"

★ ★

☞To do honor to the 600th anniversary of the birth of Chaucer, The Rosenbach Company have assembled in their bookroom at 15 East 51st St., N. Y. City, what they term a "bibliophile's dream." On exhibition through April 30 are four 15th Century mss. of the *Canterbury Tales* (including an illustrated fragment of the famous "Oxford Manuscript"), several early printed editions of Chaucer's work, and a number of other 15th Century mss., including works of Gower, Lydgate, and Occleve. ☞Quercus, whose greatest private pleasure in many years was translating some of Ronsard's more *intime* sonnets, is looking forward to Morris Bishop's *Ronsard, Prince of Poets,* soon to be published by the Oxford University Press.

★ ★

☞John Morrell & Co., eminent packers in Ottumwa, Iowa, write humorously protecting our use of the term *tripe* for punk literature. Mr. T. Henry Foster, president of Morrell's has the floor:—

> I want to protest against your frequent aspersions on tripe.
>
> Tripe is not only the dish delicious, but a favorite of the gourmet the world over; it is in fact one of the shining stars in the firmament of gastronomy, and on account of its pepsin content, easily digested, and recommended for those whose digestive tracts are not equal to such delicacies as Lobster Newburg, Hungarian Goulash, and the gastropodae popular in Prunier's of Paris.
>
> In England, tripe has long been regarded as a tid-bit. Preparing tripe is a trade; and there is the Guild of Tripe Sellers in London—an old honored body of tradesmen.
>
> Tripe would be popular in America if more chefs knew how to properly prepare it. Few do, but you can get it as it should be cooked and served at the Waldorf in New York, Blackstone in Chicago. In London it's a specialty at the original "Simpson's." In Paris there are triperies where it is sold in casseroles, which you take home; or go to Pharamonde's, down by Les Halles, where they dip it steaming hot directly from copper kettles and serve it chafing-dish style.
>
> Why, then, liken crackpot writing and vacuous verse to a dish of such renown?

★ ★

☞Over on the Alkaline Side, according to *Animal Sex Control* by Carl Warren (published by the Orange Judd Company) means masculine. Female sperms, says Mr. Warren, flourish in acid, males do better in alkali. This has only been proved for rats and rabbits, but there may be a human meaning in it too. ☞One of our private wonderments is that the very same photo of a bearded, spectacled, white-gowned finger-pointing doctor which we find hereabouts in advertisements for Serutan (a laxative) appears in Australia and Pacific Islands papers recommending Bidomak (a tonic against Tropical Lethargy).

★ ★

☞Old Peter Greig, the vintner of Madison Avenue, has startled New England by recommending a bottle of Chablis to accompany codfish cakes. Peter Greig's gastronomic essays are incomparably sapid, we wait eagerly for his book *Pot Luck.* ☞Harold Smith (Kalispell, Montana) says those Lawyers' Bibles, bound in buckram, are so indistinguishable it took his neighbor attorney 10 minutes to find his copy on the shelves. It was a 1905 edition from John C. Winston.

★ ★

☞The problem of blacking out a modern city is not so simple. We quote from Stephen King-Hall's *History of the War,* lately published in London:

> A few days after the outbreak of war, it was reported that an aerial observation of London at night had shown that in the early hours of the evening, the darkened city twinkled as with the lights of a thousand stars. The cause of the phenomenon was discovered to be the opening and shutting of the doors of public houses as customers went in and out.

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The full list of authors who were first widely introduced to the public by having an excellent book chosen by our judges would be far longer than this. The few pictured below will be surprising to many people; they are included here to show how often you probably buy the book-of-the-month, because it is so widely popular. How sensible it is to buy these books from the Club direct since you receive a book-dividend with every two such books-of-the-month you buy.

Pearl Buck had had one novel published, *East Wind, West Wind*, which sold comparatively few copies, when the judges chose **THE GOOD EARTH.**

The Club's choice of **KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER**, by Sigrid Undset, in February 1929, was the real beginning of her fame in the United States.

ANTHONY ADVERSE was chosen as a book-of-the-month in July 1933. Prior to that, **Hervey Allen** was recognized as a poet, but was not nationally known.

Emil Ludwig was quite unknown to the American public, until his fascinating biography **NAPOLEON** was chosen as the book-of-the-month.

Before our judges chose **LIFE WITH FATHER**, by **Clarence Day**, in August 1935, none of his books had sold more than ten thousand copies.

Margaret Mitchell's GONE WITH THE WIND, was a first novel; our judges immediately recognized its quality, sending it out as the book-of-the-month.

Stephen Vincent Benét had attracted critical attention but had no wide public before his famous **JOHN BROWN'S BODY** was a choice of our judges in 1928.

John Priestley is now well-known in this country; before our judges chose **THE GOOD COMPANIONS**, in 1929, few readers here had ever heard of him.

John Steinbeck had written several novels, when our judges chose **OF MICE AND MEN**, his first widely known book, in March 1937.

Victor Heiser, author of **AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY**, is one of the more recent authors whose fine work was first recognized by our judges.

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